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SIXPENCE

Prince Christian.



THE KING AT EPSOM SPRING MEETING, APRIL 22: HIS MAJESTY WATCHING THE RACES FROM THE BALCONY OF THE GRAND STAND.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT EPSOM.

King Edward occupied the reconstructed royal apartments for the first time. It is not usual for the King to carry an umbrella, but on this occasion it was remarked that his Majesty had hooked one over his left arm.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The omens make for peace. Nobody can feel sure that the burghers still in the field, redoubtable fighting men all of them, will not decide to try another throw with fortune. But their military leaders have probably had enough; otherwise they would scarcely have sought a conference with Lord Kitchener and Lord Milner, and undertaken to call their commandoes together to discuss the terms of surrender. There is no armistice; there is nothing in this puzzling war that conforms to any precedent. I have read somewhere that the burghers, when not popping at the "khakis," have enjoyed themselves greatly with mutual improvement societies which discuss such deep questions as "Ought men to shave?" and "Are large families desirable?" On a given day, I suppose, the commandoes will debate surrender in the same enlightened spirit, and if a British column should come along during the proceedings, there may be a colloquy like this. Commando: "Are you shooting at us?" British Column: "That was our intention." Commando: "But we are discussing surrender!" British Column: "Beg your pardon! So sorry to have interrupted." Commando: "Don't mention it." British Column (retiring): "By the way, if you should decide to go on fighting—" Commando (with some humour): "Oh, we'll let you know!"

The prospect that this interesting situation may end in the submission of these tough foemen of ours displeases some sentimentalists. They think the Boer should go on fighting for his independence. They have the quaint notion, worthy of German culture, that he is already victorious. They see the British Government approaching him cap in hand, and begging him to negotiate. They think the war has already brought us to the brink of financial ruin. When the British Government mildly intimates that it was the Boer leaders who approached Lord Kitchener, German culture gives an incredulous sniff, and French sagacity warns us that the best we can hope for is to be permitted to negotiate with the invincible Boers on equal terms. As we do not negotiate at all, but simply invite a beaten enemy to lay down his arms, and thank his stars that he has to deal with a British, and not with a French or German victor, the culture and sagacity of our foreign advisers are wasted on us. We heed these no more than we heed Mr. Kruger and Dr. Leyds, who seem, indeed, to be regarded by the Boer leaders with the same indifference. If peace should not come out of these conferences, we shall go on with our task. But if the burghers in the field should see the prudence of submission, they must expect to be denounced as traitors to the cause of liberty by the comfortable persons in Europe who identify that cause with anything that embarrasses England.

The *Quarterly Review* has an amusing article, called "England Through French Spectacles." It deals with certain books written by French professors to keep educated people in France alive to our enormities. Here is a polished observer who says, "No man who has lived long in England can dispute the bestiality of the great majority of the [British] race." Drunkenness and gluttony make us inhuman but resolute. "To-day, as of old, they need the overloading of a full stomach to stimulate their genius." Yes, when the women have left the dinner-table, the men apply themselves to "copious drinking" for half an hour, and it is then that "all their grand resolutions and all their ingenious combinations" are born. Marvellous acuteness, that sees in the British dinner-party the brutal force of the national character! What is it that we chiefly plot when the women have gone and every man seizes the nearest decanter? It is the humiliation of France. That harmless youth with an eyeglass, who has scarcely said a word all through dinner, suddenly becomes alert and animated. He empties the decanter, waves it round his head, and cries, "Down with France! Let us pick a quarrel with her, destroy her fleet, and seize her colonies!" A storm of applause greets this piratical sentiment. Has not England been a nest of pirates from the earliest times? Pirates we are still, especially after dinner.

Another learned Gaul has issued a work entitled "L'Anglais: Est-il Juif?" It is convincing. We are all Jews, especially the Scots. Over the Border you may have noted a superficial unlikeness of the Scot to the Hebraic type; but that is easily explained by a diet of oatmeal and marmalade, which, as everybody knows, produces freckles and red hair. Besides, if you go into philology, you will easily discover that "blue bonnets over the border" were originally Jew bonnets, and that Sutherland, typically Scottish as it seems, is a corruption of Solomon. The learned Gaul, strange to say, has overlooked these striking arguments. He has a companion in science who bids Frenchmen observe the remarkable coolness of the Briton. In moments of danger he is apparently unmoved, but for all that he is a coward. The sure proof of it is the "twitching of his eyelids." He shares this peculiarity with the Chinaman, whose stolidity is a sham. Look at his eyelids, and you will see that he is an image of terror. So the French nation

may take heart of grace, for we are not such a formidable people after all; and, if there were any danger of war between the two nations, the twitching of our eyelids might be observed from Calais through a powerful telescope.

It is not a Rochefort, nor a Pan-German, who throws these wondrous lights on our character and institutions. The writers cited by the *Quarterly* have a reputation in their own country for scientific gravity. One of them explains that Britain was originally the favourite resort of all the hardy rascallions in Europe, whose strife ended in the survival of the hardest and most brutal. This is our ancestry. This is why we revel to this day in "bestiality." The French, needless to say, are descended from saints. Clovis, for instance, was celebrated for the sweetness of his nature; and why he has not been canonised I cannot understand. William of Normandy landed all the Norman rascallions at Pevensey; hence the human perfection which distinguishes the indigenous Normans to this day. With a rascal taint in their blood, the English have never been able to reconcile inferior races to their rule; whereas the passionate attachment of Algerians, the Malagasy, and the inhabitants of Tongking to their French rulers is notorious. Historical students in France must be greatly comforted to find these truths made clear by writers of unimpeachable learning and judgment.

The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge. I find it in an article on French fashions in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, which is full of interesting articles. The writer has been interviewing the great M. Paquin, who told him that the Paris fashions are no longer Parisian, but American. It is the American woman who dresses to perfection, not the Frenchwoman. A stern sense of rectitude compels M. Paquin to speak the truth about his countrywomen. Taste is deserting them. They think less about perfection in dress than about saving "ten francs." Thrift, Horatio! As for the art of dressmaking, M. Paquin is either very humble or very astute. "We Parisian dressmakers do the rough work of modelling; but it is the Americans who decide upon the final shape, contour, and colour-scheme." Is the glory of the Rue de la Paix departed, or is M. Paquin flattering his best customers, who never stick at ten francs? You may say this revenge for the French attacks on our ancestry is rather indirect. It is not to Englishwomen that M. Paquin pays his surprising compliment. Never mind. Though it is New York, not London, that eclipses Paris, still Paris is eclipsed. Ha!

Mrs. Gallup comes up smiling again in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. As Mr. Lang has not disguised his belief that the lady is an impudent impostor, she gives him a piece of her mind. My complaint is that it is such a small piece. The fun is just beginning when she breaks off with the remark that she has not space enough to pursue Mr. Lang's delinquencies further. This is a pity, for I was hoping she would explain how the precise Bacon supposed himself to be Francis Tudor, when, if he was really the son of Leicester and Elizabeth, he must have been Francis Dudley; how Bacon, being a lawyer, could suppose that the second marriage of Elizabeth a few weeks before his birth, the first being bigamy, could make him legitimate heir to the throne; how Elizabeth committed bigamy with her eyes open, as Leicester was well known to be Amy Robsart's husband; why Bacon, in the cypher, speaks of the execution of Davison, Elizabeth's secretary, though he must have known that Davison was not executed; how Bacon became acquainted with Pope's "Iliad," which resembles no other translation. These trifles, and many more, the cheery Mrs. G. either dismisses for "lack of space" or pretends to have explained elsewhere. She does not tell us why Bacon offered no proofs of his wondrous tale, not even dates; but she accuses Mr. Lang of ignorance "or wilful perversion" for stating that Robert Cecil was "born in 1563 or thereabout." "The encyclopædias," says the erudite Mrs. G., "say Robert Cecil was born in 1550." Do they? The "Dictionary of National Biography" says 1563 "at the earliest." Mrs. G. should leave encyclopædias alone, and stick to cyphers.

But I admire the lady's spirit. She knows no more than a babe about Elizabethan history or literature, and her defence justifies Mr. Lang's remark upon the cypher narrative that "either an ignorant American wrote all this, or Bacon was an idiot." But she says the cypher must be true because I, Elizabeth Gallup, have given much time and thought and "inspiration" to the study of it, and the experts in printing who say it does not exist merely show their ignorance or lack of patience. She smiles at the suggestion that the whole silly story is her own invention. "Had it been undertaken it would have been along lines that were better known, and statements of facts would have been in accord with the records." So a proof of authenticity is a series of unsupported assertions quite out of accord with contemporary evidence, to say nothing of common-sense. Mrs. G. is no reasoner, but her courage is indisputable; and as it is the custom of many persons to back the weaker party in a quarrel, when it is not their own quarrel, she will have no end of champions.

QUEEN WILHELMINA'S ILLNESS.

On April 16 the Dutch people were gravely concerned by the issue of a bulletin announcing that Queen Wilhelmina had been for some days indisposed. The impression grew that her Majesty was suffering from something more than a passing indisposition, and on the following day the bulletins were scarcely more reassuring. Professor Rosenstein, Dr. Roessingh, and Dr. Pot were in close attendance on her Majesty, and on April 17 the departure of the first-named physician was regarded as a hopeful sign, although apprehension was not allayed by the news that the Queen's temperature was 104. Her Majesty was said to have taken cold by sitting on a seat in the park at Het Loo against her doctor's advice. The fever continued, and the official journal of April 18 announced that the Queen's malady was typhoid. On one side of the entrance to the palace, in accordance with Dutch law, a notice was posted that there was a case of typhoid fever within the building, and of this our Special Artist at Het Loo has sent a sketch. On the following days the disease ran its normal course, and the latest accounts are fairly satisfactory.

The Château of Het Loo, where Queen Wilhelmina lies dangerously ill, is a simple old château situated in the ancient hunting grounds of Gelderland. At the end of its fine park are still to be seen some relics of an earlier hunting-box, belonging to a Bentinck who was Ranger of the district of the Veluwe in the fifteenth century. Later, it fell back from the Bentinck family to the Dukedom of Gelderland. Our William III., an ardent sportsman, bought the property, and built on it the château, which has remained little changed to the present day. On the death of William without heirs, it, with his other family possessions, was claimed by the Brandenburgs, under the will of the Stadhouder Frederik Hendrik, whose daughter Louise married a Count of Brandenburg. The Palace at the Hague passed into their hands, and for half a century was the residence of the Prussian Ambassadors; but Loo remained in the family of Orange. Though not a sportsman, the Stadhouder William V. kept his splendid Court there frequently, and he added to the property the extensive Soerensche Woods.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE DEGENERATES" REVIVED AT THE IMPERIAL.

The one merit of Mr. Sydney Grundy's sordid play, "The Degenerates," and perhaps no small merit, always consisted in its affording Mrs. Langtry a part almost audaciously well suited to her individuality and to her rather hard yet pleasant comedy talent. For the sake of such a clever piece of acting—such an interesting piece of self-revelation as the character of Mrs. Trevelyan occasions, it is possible at the Imperial Theatre, as at the Haymarket, to overlook in some measure the essential vulgarity of her author's story, his dialogue, and his puppets. Mrs. Trevelyan, it will be remembered, is a woman of shady reputation, who rescues good-naturedly a foolish wife from the rooms of a reckless lover, and is humanised by the embarrassing affection of an innocent young daughter. This charming little *ingénue* is still impersonated (and made refreshingly natural) by Miss Lily Grundy, but most of the other *dramatis personæ* are in the hands of new and fairly adequate interpreters. The one really important feature of the revival is Mr. Aubrey Smith's assumption of the rôle of the kindly Duke of Orme, previously played by Mr. Hawtrey and Mr. F. Kerr.

"IN JAPAN," THE NEW ALHAMBRA BALLET.

Very wisely, perhaps, in their new and topically appropriate ballet, "In Japan," the story of which is derived from Mr. Bensusan's miniature romance, "Dédé," the Alhambra directors have omitted the use of intrusive song and dialogue and reverted to the more artistic traditions of pure pantomime, illustrated by dancing and spectacle and music. Thanks to the clever miming of Miss Rosie Deane, Mr. Lytton Grey, and others, the pretty little love-tale can be quite easily followed, and full scope is happily given to the general corps-de-ballet, notably in a quaint sword-dance and the evolutions of the daintily clad geishas. The colour-scheme of the dresses is at once daringly varied and splendidly effective, and is matched by the vivid contrasts to be marked in the single stage-set employed—a handsomely painted Japanese street-scene. Quite the most striking of the costumes are the crimson garb of the jugglers and the soldiers' black-and-gold uniform; but Signor Comelli may be congratulated no less heartily on the charmingly blended hues of his less imposing designs. As for the score, the work of M. Louis Ganne, it is full of graceful, if rather bizarre, melody, and, in fact, everything has been done at the Alhambra to render the new divertissement, as it is, musically, pictorially, and fancifully delightful.

THE DRAMA IN THE SUBURBAN THEATRES.

In the outlying theatres the most interesting event of the week is the Metropole's Shakspearian Festival, at which five of the Bard's most characteristic plays are being presented by Miss Wynne Mathison and Mr. Ben Greet's supporters. Otherwise, save that at the Grand Theatre, Fulham, the Imperial Grand Opera Company is offering a programme ranging from "Faust" to "The Bohemian Girl," the dramatic fare provided in the suburbs is of the staple kinds. Melodrama is represented by "The Great Millionaire" and "The Betting Book," the one at Stoke Newington, the other at the Pavilion. Past West-End successes are to be found at Kennington, Notting Hill, and Crouch End, where "Sherlock Holmes," "The Second in Command," and "The Little Minister" are respectively in evidence. Two touring managers occupy the Camden and the Borough, Stratford, Mr. Hare presenting at the former "A Pair of Spectacles" and "Caste" alternately, Mr. Weedon Grossmith appearing at Stratford in his own farce, "The Night of the Party." Elsewhere—at Brixton "The Geisha," at Clapham "The Toreador," at Islington "H.M.S. Irresponsible," at Peckham "The Lady's Maid," and at Balham "Kitty Grey"—musical comedy reigns unchallenged.

PARLIAMENT.

Debate on the Budget disclosed so general a distaste for the addition of a penny to the stamp on cheques that the Chancellor of the Exchequer undertook to modify his proposal. On the corn duty he stood firm. Sir William Harcourt said this impost was the beginning of oppressive taxation such as followed the wars with Napoleon. The South African War meant the return of Protection. Several Unionists, including Mr. A. Cross and Sir Walter Thorburn, declared that they could not support the corn duty. Sir Henry Fowler said the proposal was defended by the same arguments as those employed by the Protectionists against Sir Robert Peel. Why not raise the necessary money from tobacco or beer, and not from the bread of the people? Sir Michael Hicks Beach replied that tobacco was a declining source of revenue, and that beer would bear no further increase of duty. Nor could any further burden be put upon sugar. He had chosen an impost which had never been regarded by financial authorities as anything but a tax for revenue. That was the light in which Peel and Gladstone had regarded it. It was absurd to say that the Government contemplated a return to Protection. He did not believe the country would tolerate that for a moment. As for the price of bread, any rise was partial and temporary. It would be impossible to keep it up. In the discussion of the income-tax, both the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Sir William Harcourt denied that it was possible to graduate the tax. The Chancellor said that any scheme for that purpose would necessitate a system of inquisition to which he would never consent.

The Government declined to publish any more despatches relating to the operations for the relief of Ladysmith. Mr. Brodrick said the Spion Kop despatches had been given in full because the omissions in the earlier publication had led to so much controversy.

The Centenary Commemoration of the London Fever Hospital, Islington, will be held at the Mansion House on the afternoon of April 28, when the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress have invited an influential company to meet her Royal Highness the Duchess of Argyll and his Grace the Duke of Argyll.

The Artists' General Benevolent Institution will on May 10 inaugurate another year of usefulness at the Whitehall Rooms of the Hotel Metropole, where the annual dinner will be held at half-past six o'clock. The Right Hon. Lord Davey will occupy the chair, and the officials expect a large and influential gathering of guests. Sir Edward Poynter is President of the Institution, which has done so much good work in affording timely help to distressed brothers of the brush.

FESTIVAL OF THE SONS OF THE CLERGY.

Instituted A.D. 1655.
The TWO HUNDRED and FORTY-EIGHTH FESTIVAL will be celebrated, under the Dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, on WEDNESDAY, April 30.

Service commences at half-past three with Sir Arthur Sullivan's "In Memoriam." The anthem will be Sir Hubert Parry's setting of Milton's ode, "At a Solemn Music." "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis" will be sung to music by Eaton Fanning in C, which was composed for this Festival in the year 1882.

The Rev. Preb. EDGAR C. SUMNER GIBSON, D.D., Vicar of Leeds and Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the King, will PREACH.

Handel's Coronation Anthem, "Zadok the Priest," will conclude the Service.

The Lord Major and Sheriffs, Archbishops and Bishops, Stewards, &c., will attend.

The ANNUAL DINNER will take place on the same day at six o'clock for half-past six precisely, in Merchant Taylors' Hall, the LORD MAYOR presiding, supported by the Sheriffs, Archbishops, Bishops, Stewards, &c.

STEWARDS.

The Earl Beauchamp, K.G.M.G. (third time).
The Lord Bishop of Durham.
The Lord Bishop of Lincoln (fourth time).
The Lord Bishop of St. Albans (third time).
The Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells (second time).
The Lord Bishop of Rochester (second time).
The Lord Bishop of Bristol.
The Lord Bishop of Bangor (fourth time).
The Lord Harris, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.
The Lord Hillingdon.
The Right Hon. Sir Joseph C. Dimsdale, M.P., Lord Mayor (third time).
Sir William R. Anson, Bart., D.C.L., M.P., Warden of All Souls' College, Oxford (second time).
The Rev. Sir E. Graham Moon, Bart., M.A. (eighth time).
Sir George Hanson, Bart., LL.D., Alderman (twenty-first time).
W. E. M. Tomlinson, Esq., M.P. (eighth time).
Sir Robert G. C. Mowbray, Bart., M.P., Rev. Sir Borradale Savory, Bart., M.A. (second time).
Sir Thomas Smith, Bart., K.C.V.O. (fourth time).
Gen. Sir Edward N. Newdegate, K.C.B.
Sir Horatio Davies, K.C.M.G., M.P., Alderman (thirteenth time).
Sir Alderman Found (second time).
Sir Purdie Treloar, Alderman (third time).
Mr. Alderman Bell.
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The Ven. William Sinclair, D.D., Archdeacon of London (ninth time).
Rev. Canon John Allen, D.D. (third time).
Rev. Ewart Barter, M.A. (second time).
Rev. A. H. Sanxay Barwell, M.A., Prebendary of Chichester (sixth time).

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THE NEWLY RAISED CORPS OF METROPOLITAN VOLUNTEERS: THE "KING'S COLONIALS."

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.



THE FIRST MARCH-OUT OF THE "KING'S COLONIALS," APRIL 19.

The regiment, which has been raised by full authority of his Majesty by Colonel Willoughby Wallace, a Canadian, is composed of men born in the Colonies, naturalised in the Colonies, born of Colonial parents, or men who have rendered any special service to the British Dominions beyond the Seas. It is a standing joke in the corps that the dress of the Colonials is often mistaken for that of officers by privates of the Regular Army, who duly salute their brothers in the ranks. The Prince of Wales is Hon. Colonel, and takes a deep interest in the progress of the regiment.

THE GREAT FIRE IN THE CITY, APRIL 21.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO.



THE BARBICAN ABLAZE ON BOTH SIDES OF THE STREET.

The most serious fire which has occurred in the City since the Cripplegate blaze of 1897 broke out in Barbican late on the night of April 21. Forty-four buildings were burnt out or seriously damaged. Firemen from every part of the Metropolis were engaged under the command of Captain Wells. The damage has been estimated at two million pounds.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE KING AT EPSOM.

On his visit to Epsom Races on April 22 his Majesty used for the first time the reconstructed private apartments in the Grand Stand, to which access is now obtained by an electric lift. King Edward left town soon after one

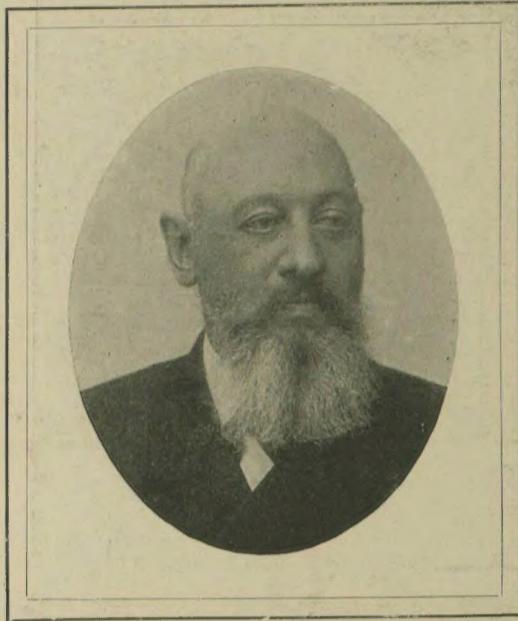
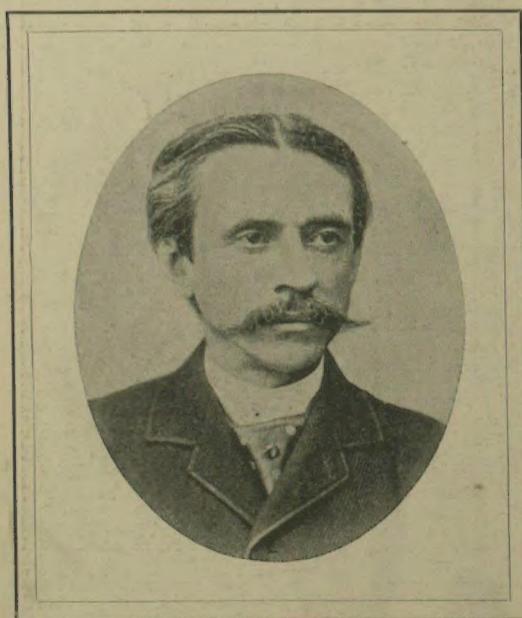


Photo. Lévitsky.

THE LATE M. V. Sipiaguine,
RUSSIAN MINISTER, MURDERED APRIL 15.

M. Vladimir Sipiaguine was shot by an assassin in the vestibule of the building of the Council of the Empire. His support of the recent repressive methods of General Vannovsky, Minister of Education, seems to have aroused the anger of the students, and it was by a student he was shot. M. Sipiaguine came of a well-known Tomsk family, and was under fifty years of age. He took honours at the Nicholas Academy, became Judge in a provincial Court, and rose from office to office until he reached his last position three years ago.

o'clock, travelling from Victoria in a special train. At the station his Majesty, who was accompanied by Prince Christian, Lord Valentia, and Mr. Reuben Sassoon, shook hands with Mr. Forbes, the general manager of the railway, who travelled down with the train. The King's departure was quite private, and a similar lack of demonstration attended his arrival at Epsom Downs Station, whence his Majesty drove in a closed carriage to the Grand Stand. As the train drew up, the Royal Standard was hoisted over the station, and another was run up at the Grand Stand as the King alighted. The only escort was a couple of mounted police. After seeing the first race run, his Majesty lunched, and then appeared on the balcony, where he smoked a cigar and watched the crowd. It was remarked that over his arm his Majesty had hooked an umbrella, a weapon he rarely carries. The King wore a light overcoat, with a carnation in his button-hole, and his field-glasses were in constant use as he followed the day's sport, race by race. The contest for the Great Metropolitan Stakes was won easily by Mr. Lindemere's Congratulation, which finished a clear length in front of Servitor. During the afternoon a crowd assembled outside the enclosure and cheered the King, receiving from his Majesty a gracious acknowledgment. The royal party returned to town about five o'clock. The following day the King was again at Epsom.

THE LATE FRANK R. STOCKTON,
AMERICAN NOVELIST.

Mr. Frank R. Stockton, the popular Transatlantic writer, died at Washington on April 20, at the age of sixty-eight. A genuine humorist, he was the Bret Harte of the American middle-classes, and his works had a very large sale both in his own country and in England. He first attracted attention as a writer of books for children. "Rudder Grange," "The Lady or the Tiger," "Pomona's Travels," and "The Late Mrs. Null" are among his best-known novels.

THE "KING'S COLONIALS."

The 3rd County of London Regiment, The "King's Colonials," of which the Prince of Wales is honorary Colonel, held its first march-out on April 19. The corps was raised in London and the suburbs at the beginning of the year by Colonel Willoughby Wallace, who had the full authority of the King. Recruits are admitted subject to the age limit fixed for the Volunteers, and must have been born or naturalised in the Colonies, born of Colonial parents, or have rendered some special service to the British Dominions beyond the seas. Every candidate must, in addition, be an expert rider. A number of the men and the majority of the officers have seen active service in South Africa or elsewhere. The undress cap worn by the members of the corps is based upon that of the staff officer, and has been the cause of much unnecessary saluting on the part of privates of the Regular Army. The new regiment's motto is "Regi adsumus Coloni."

THE GREAT CITY FIRE.

The most extensive fire since that which laid waste so large an area in Cripplegate in November 1897 broke out at a quarter to ten on the night of April 21, in the Barbican. The fire was first observed in the premises of Messrs. Macqueen, hat-manufacturers, Nos. 8 and 9, Barbican, and very soon it spread to the offices over a dépôt for light refreshment next door. A huge column of flame suddenly towered aloft, and was visible all over London, carrying the news even as far as Herne Hill that a great conflagration was in progress. In the shortest possible time, fire-engines came from every direction, and by eleven o'clock a hundred firemen were at work endeavouring to subdue the fire, which had then spread to

goal. The tie was fixed to be played off at the Palace on April 26. Among the spectators were Lord Hawke, Sir Howard Vincent, Lord Kinnaird, and Dr. W. G. Grace.

OPERATIONS IN NIGERIA.

The Zaria Relief Expedition was carried out by a mixed column of the West African Frontier forces under the command of Major N. H. C. Dickinson, of the 1st

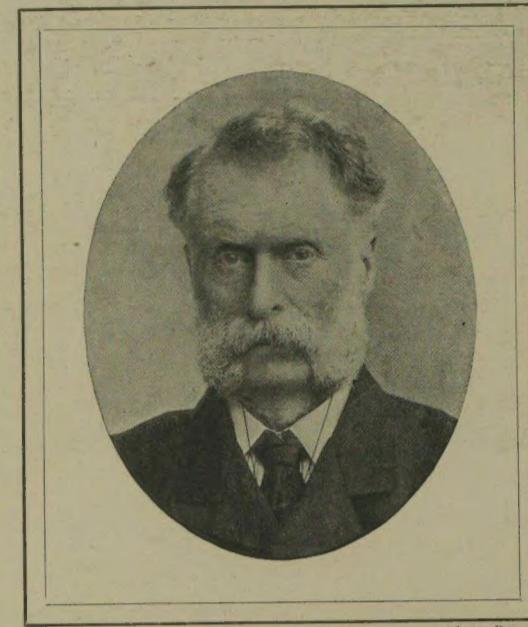


Photo. Russell.

THE LATE SIR E. T. GOURLEY,
M.P. FOR SUNDERLAND 1868-1900.

Sir Edward Temperley Gourley, who died on April 15, in his seventy-fourth year, was a Sunderland man. Beginning his working life as an apprentice to a local coal and timber merchant, he started on his own account as coal and timber merchant and ship-owner on attaining his majority, and rapidly became one of the leading owners of the Port of Sunderland. He was one of the earliest advocates of Home Rule for Ireland, and favoured the settlement of the land question by the creation of peasant proprietors. Sir Edward was thrice Mayor of Sunderland.

Battalion of the Northern Nigerian Regiment. The expedition left Jebba early in February and proceeded by way of Washishi, where it was joined by a company of the mounted infantry. The object of the expedition was to capture the rebel Emir, whose repeated raids had become unbearable. This firebrand, with a large and powerful following, had entrenched himself in a fortified camp midway between Kaya and Maska. On Feb. 20 the British forces appeared before this position. Opposite the main gate the artillery was stationed, but did not need to come into action. A deep ditch surrounded the camp, and above this rose a wall lined by thousands of men. On the first crack of a rifle the Emir's troops fled, and made for Maska, where the mounted infantry surprised them, and, after a sharp fight, captured the Emir and brought him in. As it was feared that there might be some attempt to rescue the fallen chief, Major Dickinson personally superintended his shackling every night. During the expedition, which was performed by a series of forced marches, officers and men worked with the most extraordinary devotion, and thoroughly earned the success they attained. The country, which is rich in minerals, is now safe, and open to British enterprise. To the medical officer from whom we received our sketches fell the arduous duty of bringing on the sick under a small escort through a country overrun by the enemy, and affording excellent cover for sharpshooters.



1 and 3. St. Helena 1d. and 2d., King's head. 2. New 40 Paras Great Britain, for use in Levant post-offices. 4 and 5. Tasmania 1d. and 2d., printed on the paper used for the stamps of Victoria, water-marked "V" and "Crown"; temporary issue. 6. New 3d. Cape. 7. Orange River Colony old Free State stamp superimposed 4d. on 6d.; only about 11,000 issued. 8. British Honduras 10 cent, in new colours.

BRITISH COLONIAL STAMPS RECENTLY ISSUED.

Stamps supplied by Messrs. Bright and Son, Strand.

Nos. 5 and 7, on the one hand, and to Nos. 10, 11, and 15 on the other. Compelled by a strong breeze, the flames rushed across the narrow street and set fire to the opposite premises. At a hotel which stands at the corner of Long Lane and Aldersgate Street, the visitors deemed discretion the better part of valour, and struggled out with their luggage through the dense crowds which filled the streets, their exit calling forth the bantering sympathy of the onlookers. The firemen, who were now ordered to surround the burning buildings, found that they had an extremely arduous task in hand, for in addition to the terrific heat, they had to face the danger of falling floors, walls, and girders. About half an hour after midnight they were reinforced, and at that time the fire was got under, but it continued to burn until far into the following morning. No lives were lost, but two firemen were unfortunately injured by falling glass and masonry.

FOOTBALL AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The match for the Football Association Cup, played at the Crystal Palace on April 19, drew an enormous crowd, whose interest in the game may be gauged from the fact that members of it took up their places on the grass slopes seven hours before the time fixed for the contest to commence. At twenty minutes past three the Southampton players entered the field, followed shortly afterwards by the men from Sheffield, and at half-past three the ball was kicked off. The game, which was little more than a gigantic scrimmage, was temporarily stopped during the first half by the injuring of two of the players. The result was a draw, each team having scored one

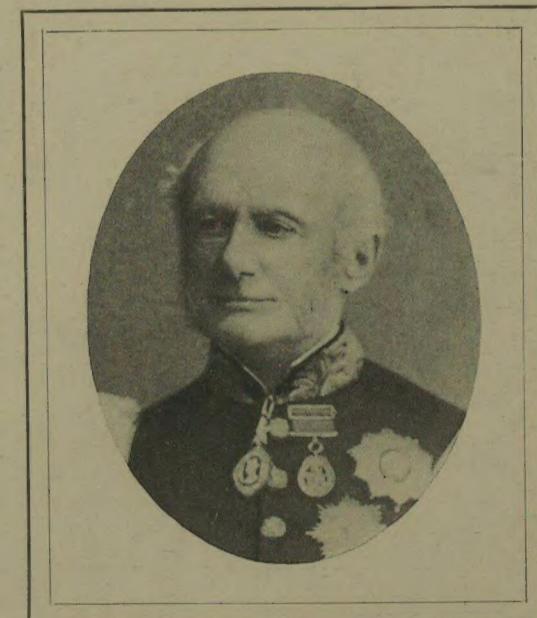
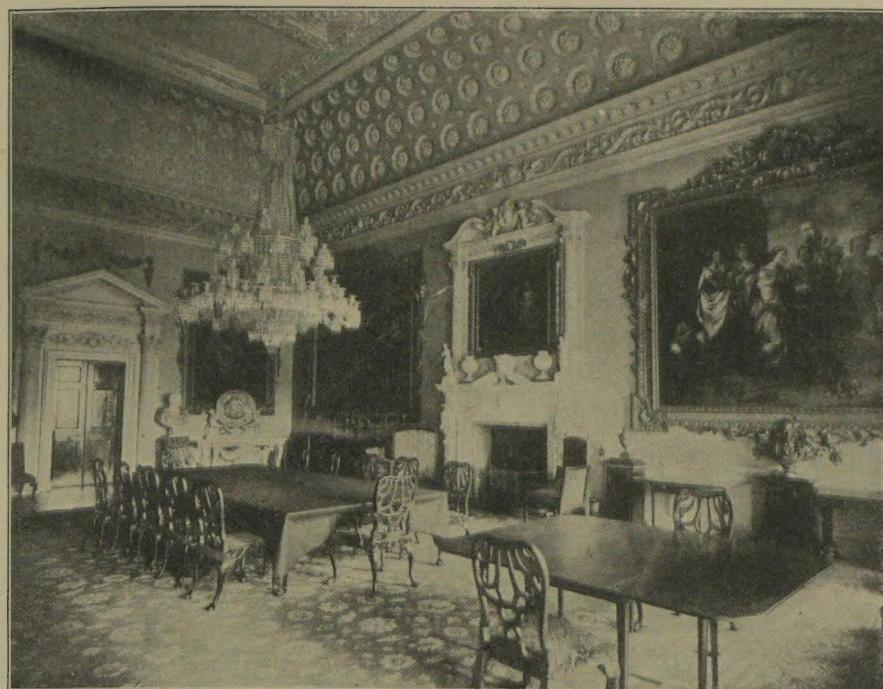


Photo. Downey.

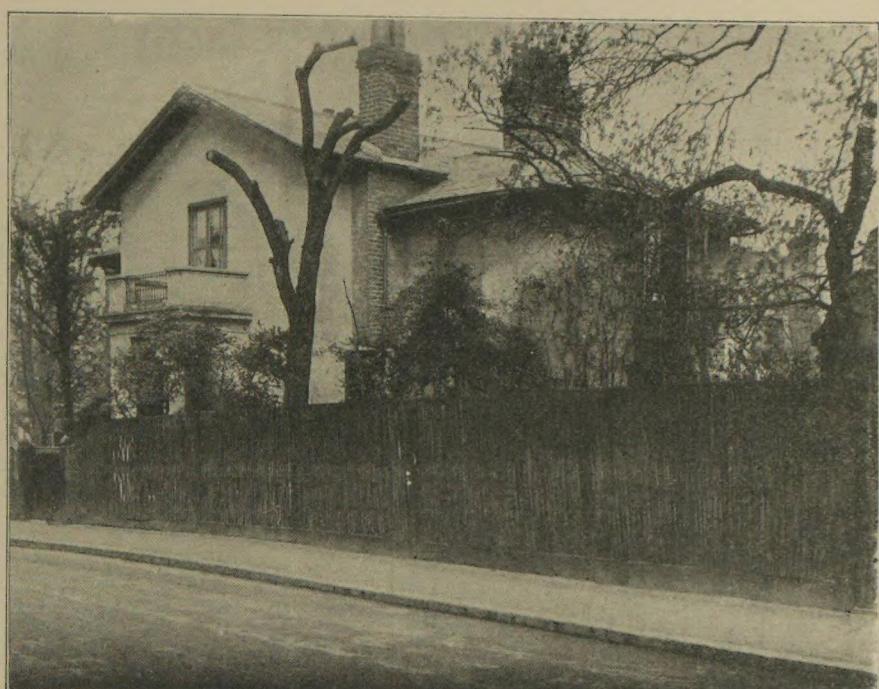
THE LATE SIR T. L. SECCOMBE, G.C.I.E.,
EXPERT IN INDIAN FINANCE.

Sir Thomas Lawrence Seccombe died, after a long illness, on April 13. He was born on July 29, 1812, and entered the service of the East India Company as writer and clerk in the Auditing Department in 1829. Throughout the Mutiny it was his duty to issue the official telegrams to the Press. He was Financial Secretary to the Secretary of State for India in Council from 1859 till 1879, Director of Military Funds from 1866 till 1879, Assistant Under-Secretary of State for India, 1872-81.



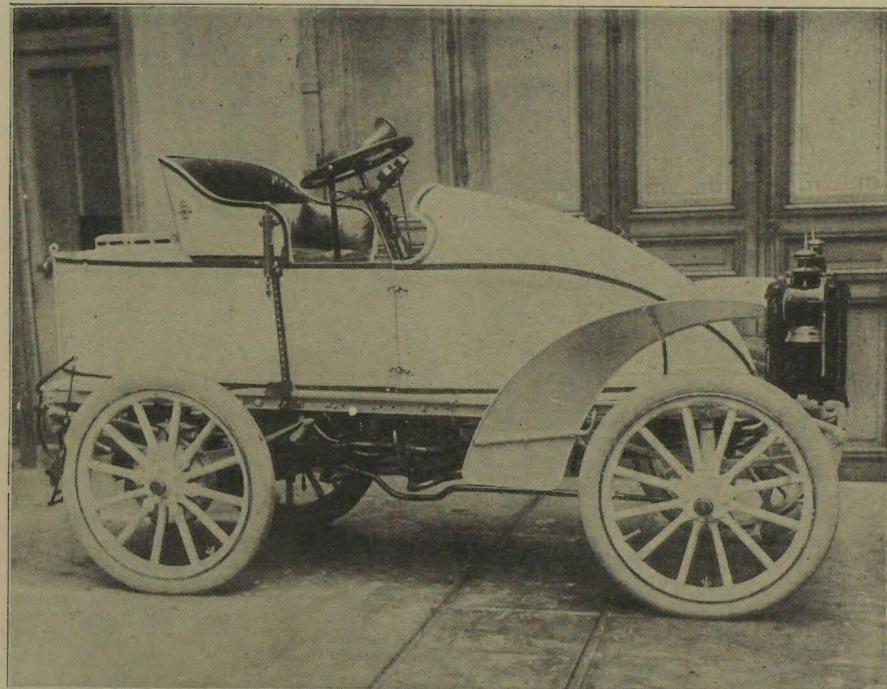
Photo, H. C. Messer.
THE DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT STOURHEAD, WILTSHIRE, APRIL 16: THE DINING-ROOM, WITH THE COSTLY PAINTINGS AND CHAIRS.

The pictures were cut out of their frames, which, though very valuable, had, owing to the absence of the only man who could remove them, to be left to burn.



Photo, Shera.
UNDER THE HAMMER: J. M. W. TURNER'S OLD RESIDENCE, SANDYCOMBE LODGE, TWICKENHAM.

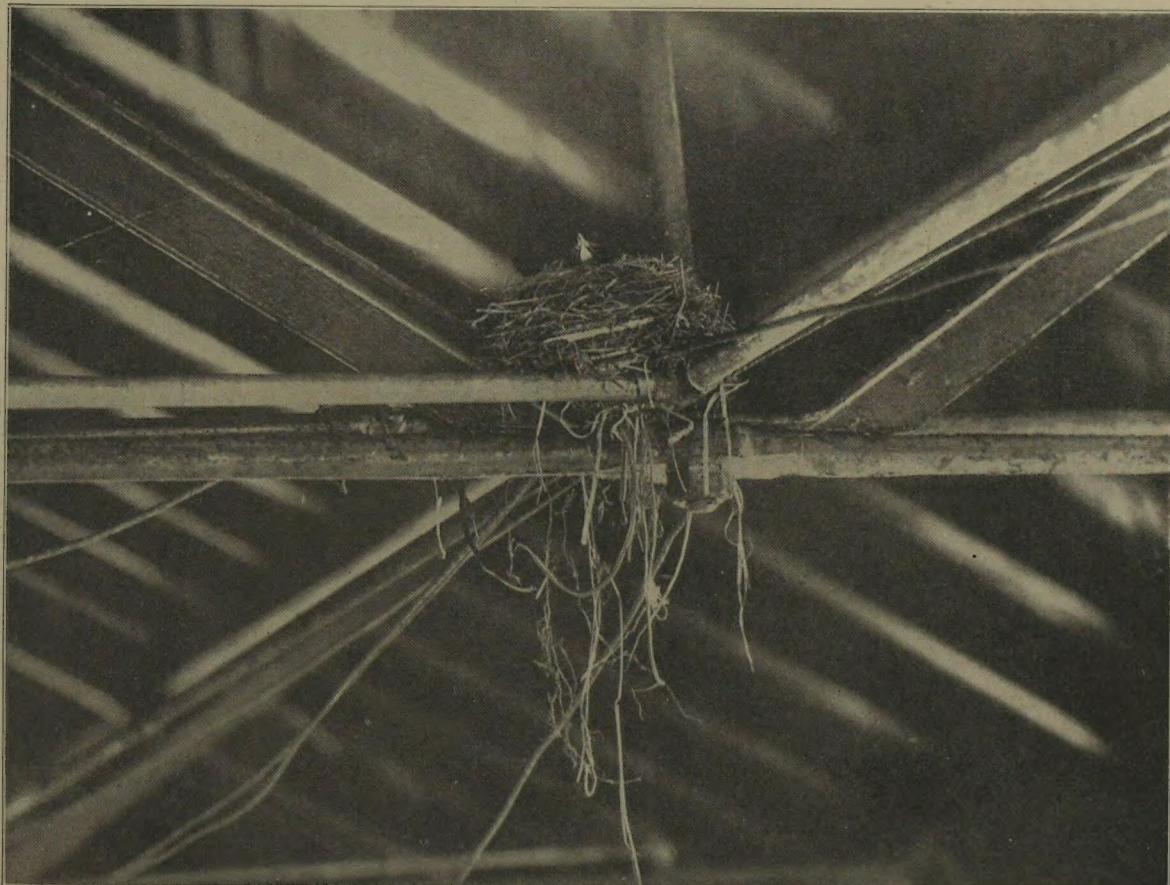
At this house, which was put up to auction on April 24, Turner kept a boat in which he did much river-sketching.



A VICTORY FOR STEAM: THE GARDNER-SERPOLLET RECORD-BREAKING STEAM-CAR.
At Nice, in the flying start kilomètre race, M. Serpollet beat petrol-motors with his steam-car, at a speed of seventy-five miles an hour.



Photo, Kusset.
THE WHEELS OF FOOTBALL ENTHUSIASTS: CYCLES OF SPECTATORS AT THE CUP TIE.
The number of machines, stacked methodically by the Palace officials, gives some idea of the large proportion of football devotees who are also cyclists. These enter the grounds by a separate door.

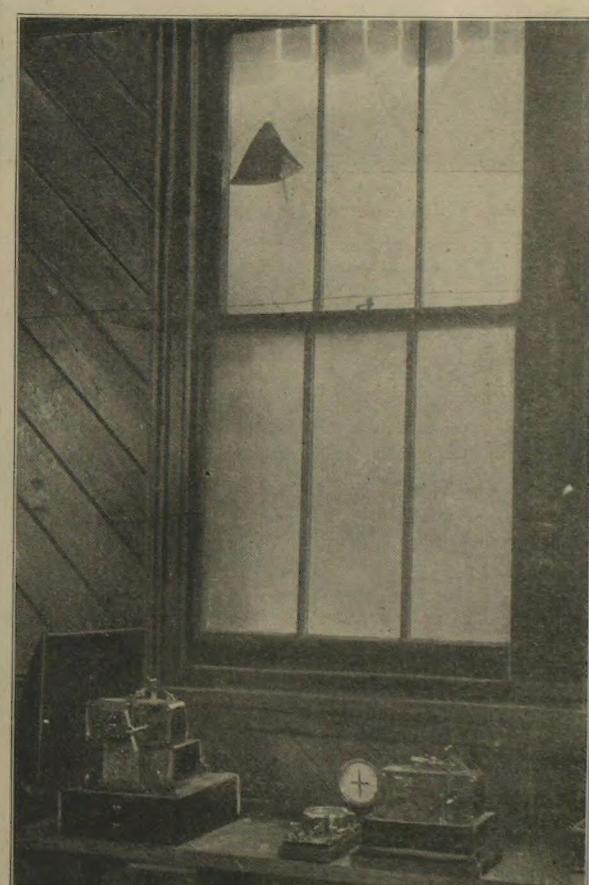


THE WIRES PASSING THROUGH THE NEST.

THE THRUSH'S NEST IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE TELEGRAPH-OFFICE THROUGH WHICH THE CUP-TIE TELEGRAMS PASSED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL.

When the temporary telegraph-office on the Sports Grounds at the Crystal Palace was reopened for the Cup-Tie Match on April 10, it was discovered that a thrush had built its nest upon a gas-bracket, and was sitting on its eggs. Four main telegraph-wires passed through the nest, and on these most of the messages describing the match were sent, care being taken to protect the bird from disturbance or injury.



THE WINDOW BY WHICH THE BIRDS ENTERED THE OFFICE.

HET LOO, THE SCENE OF QUEEN WILHELMINA'S ILLNESS.



ONE OF THE ROYAL PARK-KEEPERS, AN OLD NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER.



THE OFFICIAL NOTICE OF TYPHOID FEVER POSTED AT HET LOO.

Dutch law requires that a notice be posted outside every house, cottage or palace, where there is a case of typhoid fever.
SKETCHES (FACSIMILE) BY H. W. KOEKKOEK, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT HET LOO.



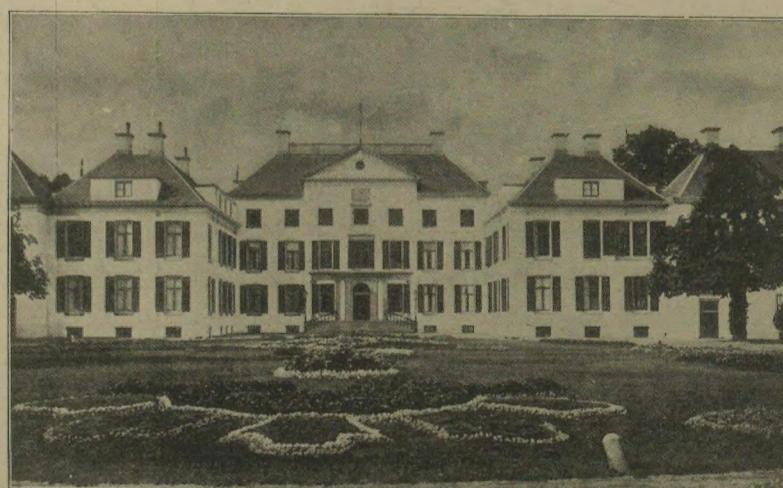
THE BATHING-HOUSE, APELDOORN.

THE LAKE IN THE PARK, HET LOO.
Photo. Schalekamp

THE LOUISA-TEMPLE IN THE PARK, HET LOO.



THE MAIN STREET, APELDOORN.

HET LOO.
Photo. Schalekamp

THE "SOERENSCHÉ BOSCHEN," NEAR APELDOORN.

During the French occupation, Loo was greatly despoiled. Many of its treasures were sent to Paris. Even the lead was stripped off its roofs and sold. For several years it was unoccupied, except when a portion of it was used as a military hospital. But, later on, Louis Napoleon took a fancy to it, and lived in it from time to time, and Bonaparte spent two nights under its roof in the autumn of 1811. Loo was the favourite residence of William III., Queen Wilhelmina's father, who died there in 1890. The country of the Veluwe, in which the Chateau is situated, is hilly and wooded, in pleasant contrast with the flat, treeless meadow-lands in the west, with which Holland is generally associated in the mind of foreigners.

THE DEVIATION OF THE LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER.

By WALTER WOOD.

*

Illustrated by H. C. Seppings Wright.

AT sunrise the Lieutenant-Commander, Saunders, got his orders. He was to go and reconnoitre a little bare, desolate island, find out whether the enemy was present, and in what force, was to conceal himself as much as he could, and to return with all speed. It was calculated that he could do these things before darkness fell, and he was ordered to return while daylight lasted. His instructions were, he was reminded, perfectly clear and simple, and there was not to be any deviation from them. They came from the Captain of a first-class cruiser under whom he had served and to whom he owed much. "Now," said the Captain, "I'll give you a word of friendly warning. Don't try and be too brilliant. We can't all be Nelsons, you know."

"No, Sir," agreed the Lieutenant-Commander, without quite knowing what the Captain meant; but he did not think it necessary to stop and consider, and was content to forget the words when he was driving the *Bantling*, torpedo-boat destroyer, at twenty knots an hour. She was his first independent command, and he was arrogantly proud of her. He treated the sub-lieutenant, Moorson, the engineer, Guthrie, and the gunner, Beldon, with an affable condescension, not unmixed with disdain, which nettled them greatly, and drew muttered protests from the sub-lieutenant, who remembered their *Britannia* days together. "Fancy!" he said to himself; "and it only looks like yesterday since I was punching his head. The swelling of it hasn't gone down yet!"

For an hour the *Bantling* drove through a choppy sea—a sea on which no sign of sail was visible. War was keeping passenger and merchant ships hard locked in harbour—just now not even the swiftest of the record-makers dared to show her nose without a convoy. It was a doubtful, devastating period at the opening of the old game which was being played afresh, and very seriously, for maritime supremacy.

During this time the Lieutenant-Commander, feeling the importance of himself, his ship, and his mission, kept aloof from his companions, and did not speak. Then the loneliness of the sea affected him, and he remarked to Moorson that he thought there was fog ahead, and that he meant to run into it without slowing down. "There's plenty of open water," he explained, "and nothing about, so we shall be all right. I shall continue to shove her along."

"Certainly," agreed Moorson, all the more readily because the responsibility was not his. "She's a fine ship, and you've got at least ten knots in reserve, going as you're going now. You can soon run out of the fog."

"She's a beauty," answered Saunders, with the pride of ownership; "and the very thing for the sort of work I'm doing to-day."

"Bit of slap-dash, free hand, I suppose?" said Moorson; but his chief was not to be drawn into any statement of his object. "I'll explain later, when I've more time," he said, and the sub-lieutenant went

away and joined the engineer, who had just put his head as high as the deck for an airing.

"We shall soon be near the Casquets," said Moorson. "If I were bossing the show in a fog like this, I shouldn't carry on in this way."

"Wouldn't you?" asked Guthrie, in tones which did not encourage the junior to proceed with his comments.

"No, for many reasons, which I could put into half-a-dozen sentences, if you liked to hear them."

"Thanks," said the engineer; "I've something else to do just now than listen to reasons."

"I say," continued Moorson, unabashed, "what would she be like if she struck the rocks now, fair and square, eh?"

"Ugh!" grunted the engineer, with a shrug

of the shoulders, "a thumping, big, crumpled meat-can."

"With the cold meat inside of it all trim and safe, eh?" remarked Moorson. His picture was not considered to be a pleasant one, and he was not encouraged to proceed with his humorous comments. The engineer sniffed somewhat contemptuously. "Hallo!" continued the sub-lieutenant, "here's a man with a verbal order to you to slow down. Extraordinary! Why couldn't Saunders ring the telegraph? What?" he added, turning to the seaman, "I'm wanted too?"

Guthrie dropped below to his machinery, which he slowed down in obedience to his orders; and Moorson hurried wonderingly and joined his chief. Saunders was intensely excited. He was gazing earnestly into the fog and talking with the gunner, who was officer of the watch.

"You're certain you saw her?" asked the Lieutenant-Commander.

"Positive," replied the gunner.

The quartermaster of the watch, who was at the helm, and a leading seaman, who had shouted "Leadsmen in the chains!" from force of habit on seeing the fog, and had himself been in the chains to try and get soundings, also said that they had seen her. They were speaking in low, eager tones, and as Moorson approached, the Lieutenant-Commander made a sign for him to make as little noise as possible. Moorson exaggerated his caution, for he stepped towards his superior officer on tip-toe. Saunders drew him aside from the group.

"What's the matter?" whispered Moorson.

"We've just run past the enemy's flag-ship of the Channel Squadron," said Saunders, speaking with deep earnestness. "I didn't see her myself. I'd gone below for a minute; but Beldon and everybody else did. Curse my luck!"

"You can't be all over the place at once," said Moorson sympathetically. "Where was she?"

"Was? Is—she's there!" whispered the Lieutenant-Commander, pointing into the clammy air. "On the starboard bow—and I believe she's alone—picking up her consorts, most likely."

"Alone? My God!" exclaimed Moorson in a low voice.

"Sh!" said Saunders. "Listen!"

The two craned their necks, and listened hard.

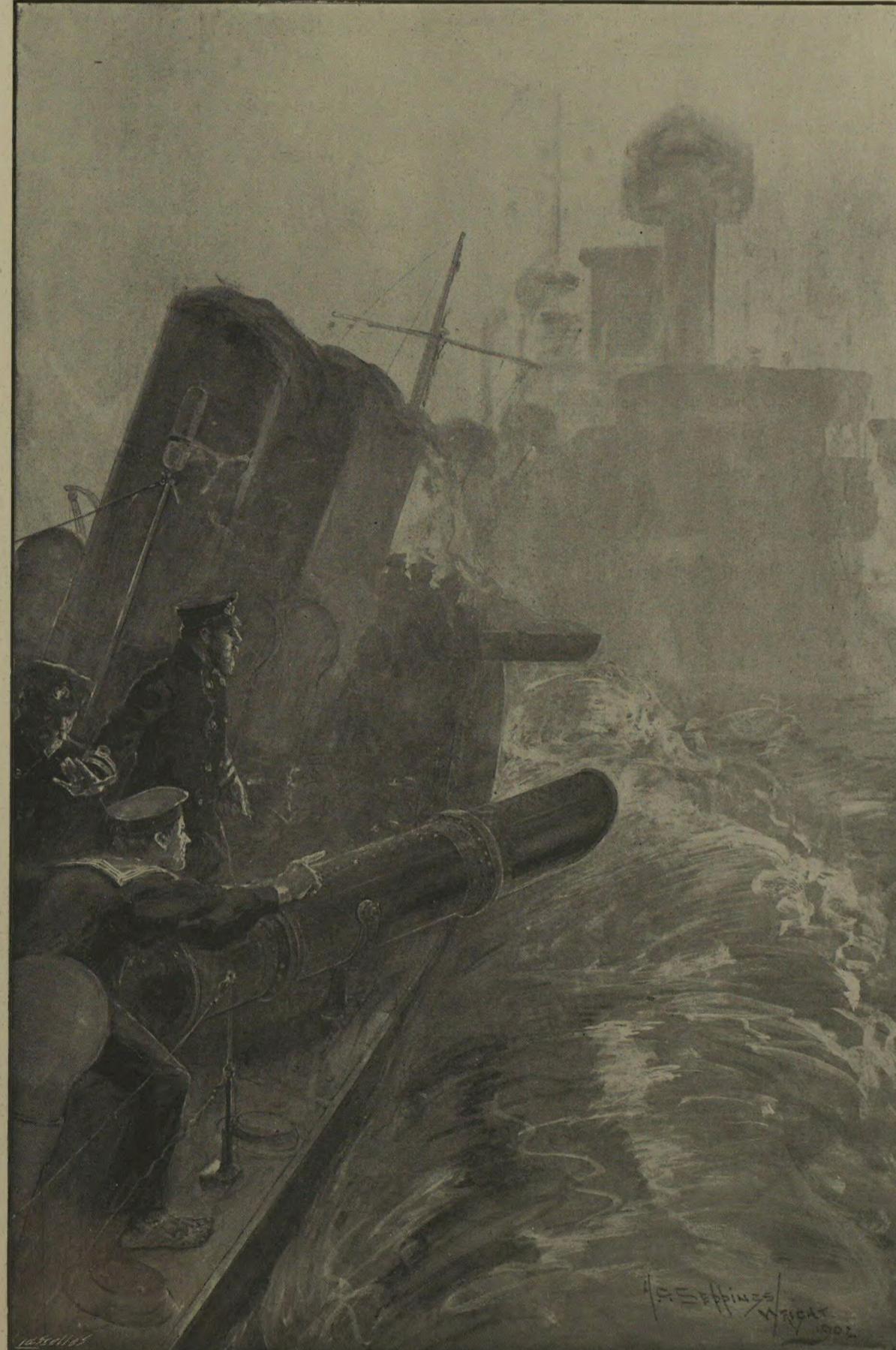
"I can hear voices," said Moorson.

"And the telegraph—they've stopped her. Rush to Guthrie and tell him to ease to slow—to keep her just going—and not to make a sound more than he can help. Then come back."

"Yes," replied the sub-lieutenant hoarsely, and disappeared in silence. While he was absent the Lieutenant-Commander ordered absolute silence in the destroyer. When the junior rejoined him the *Bantling* was steaming very slowly.

"What do you mean to do?" asked Moorson.

"I'm thinking," replied the Lieutenant-Commander. His voice trembled, and Moorson noticed that the tanned face had become paler. Moorson



"Neck or nothing!" he cried. "Let 'em go!"

himself had a passing fit of something akin to terror; but he got over it, and waited for orders from his superior officer.

"She's stopped now," whispered Moorson.

"Tell Guthrie to stop too," said the Lieutenant-Commander, and the *Bantling* lay on the water, rolling gently. The fog was now so dense that it was scarcely possible to see the length of the destroyer.

"If she spots us we're done for," said the sub-lieutenant. "Have you fixed on your plan?"

"Yes, I'm going to clear for action," answered Saunders.

"The *Bantling* against the—" began Moorson.

"I've got a scheme—fetch Beldon," interrupted Saunders.

The gunner came. He listened to the hot, quick speech of the Lieutenant-Commander—listened with tightening jaws. He was something of a veteran, having been at the bombardment of Alexandria, with the gun-boats up the Nile, and the Naval Brigade in South Africa; and was by far the coolest man on board. It was an immense relief to the young and excited Lieutenant-Commander to have with him such a man. The gunner just now was a very tower of strength and comfort.

"Can it be done?" demanded Saunders.

"It's worth trying," said the gunner.

"If you could get just one in," remarked the Lieutenant-Commander almost pleadingly.

"One, sent nicely home, will do the business; but I shall give her two," said the gunner, with a quietness that appalled Moorson.

"There isn't a second to lose," said the Lieutenant-Commander. "Heaven give us luck! Now, let's put the finishing touches to our work." These were not much, for already the *Bantling* had torpedoes in her pair of tubes, and it was only needful for the training and the firing to be done.

While the preparations were being made, the *Bantling*'s company heard excited voices in the fog. Gradually the voices became calmer, and at last there was reassurance. But no order was heard, and no ring of telegraph sounded. It became evident that the battleship's company were satisfying themselves that there was no enemy's ship in the neighbourhood, and that the alarm of one having been seen was false.

"They weren't certain, then," said Saunders. "They only fancied they saw something."

"Looks like it," answered Beldon, who was standing, terribly resolute, by the fearful weapons.

"The idea is this," said Saunders; "as soon as she gets under way again, and we can locate her by the sound, I'll go straight for her, full speed, give her the two torpedoes, and double on my track before she knows what's happened. You, Moorson, hang on to me, and when I nudge you, rush to Guthrie and signal to him to go full speed ahead—every ounce of steam he can put on. It's a case of all or nothing with us."

"It must be a short, swift business," said the gunner. "All the broadside and quick-firing guns will be blazing at us—a very hail. One good-sized pill will do the business for us, especially if it hits one of these on the nose." He pointed to the torpedo-tubes as he spoke, and smiled grimly.

"Yes, yes," said Saunders, "we know that. Now, is everything absolutely ready?"

"So far as I'm concerned, yes," replied the gunner.

Moorson nodded, feeling that if he spoke a tremor would be observed in his voice—the tremor of excitement, which he was afraid might be mistaken for fear.

"Watch hard and listen hard," said the Lieutenant-Commander. "As soon as we catch a glimpse of her or a sign, you run off, Moorson; I'll take the wheel myself—and the rest will depend on you. Indeed, you've got the bulk of the work," added Saunders, with a look of admiration at the gunner.

"Right, oh!" answered Beldon. "I'll pot her if I can, no fear."

Minute followed minute, and the company of the *Bantling*, breathless almost, and in perfect silence, strained their sight and hearing.

"What if we've drifted away or she's gone from us?" whispered Moorson. "It would be shameful luck, wouldn't it?"

"Sh!" was the only answer of the Lieutenant-Commander, and Moorson clenched his teeth.

Suddenly, from the thick, grey, clammy air there was the sound of a voice, then the ring of a bell.

"She's there—bang on our starboard broadside," whispered Moorson. "I can see her!"

"That's the order to the engineers to stand by," answered Saunders. "Now—for your life!"

Moorson darted from his side, and Saunders leapt to the wheel. Almost instantly, it seemed, the *Bantling* was tearing through the water; and as if by magic the huge hull of the battle-ship became visible. She was stern towards the destroyer, and as the *Bantling* tore up Saunders noticed her colour drooping from the ensign staff. He saw, too, a figure in the stern-walk, and even in that fearful moment noticed that the figure was that of the Admiral, and that upon his face was the look of a man who is for the instant struck dumb by some appalling apparition. A great pang of pity moved the Lieutenant-Commander. "My God!" he groaned; but he never swerved from his course.

"Neck or nothing!" he cried—concealment was useless now. "Let 'em go!"

"Aye, aye!" roared the gunner.

Saunders swung the *Bantling* round, and on the instant that she turned to race from the overwhelming danger of the flag-ship's guns Beldon let a torpedo go; then another. Both, by marvellous good luck, struck home. There was an almost simultaneous explosion—a thunderous report which became swallowed up and lost in the agonised cries of the battle-ship's doomed company.

"Done it!" cried the gunner. "And we're out of it untouched!"

The whole of the vast tragedy had taken place within a minute of the order to Guthrie to go full speed ahead. The *Bantling*, painted grey throughout, had been invisible in the fog until she leaped into the sight of the stunned Admiral; and before his men could rush to their

guns. They had taken her unawares, and the pitiless torpedoes had done their work. Not until the *Bantling* was enveloped in the gloom of the fog again was the crash of guns heard, mingled with the rattle of rifles and quick-firing weapons. They came from all round the battle-ship, but wildly, and only for a few seconds.

"They'll have a poor platform to fire from," commented the gunner.

The Lieutenant-Commander, hugging the wheel, did not answer. He still saw the horror-stricken face of the Admiral, and heard the terrified cries of the flag-ship's people. For an instant, too, he was almost ashamed, for he imagined the *Bantling* to be some foul creature that had slunk out of the gloom for a moment to strike a deadly blow, and had slunk back immediately after delivering it. Shot and bullets rained about the destroyer, but nothing damaged her. A few bullets rattled on her hull, and a couple of men were struck, but not wounded seriously.

Moorson had sprung to one of the 6-pounder quick-firing guns, and was preparing to fire it, when he was stopped by Saunders.

"There's no need to hit back," said the Lieutenant-Commander. "They're done for."

"Yes," said the gunner. "Now the sooner we're out of this the better. We shall hear details of what we've done in a day or two, when the home and foreign newspapers tell us."

"You did marvellously well," said Saunders.

"I'm glad you think so," replied the gunner; "but there was a lot of luck in it. Are you going to make a bee-line for home, may I ask?"

Saunders was about to answer "Yes," when another fearful cry was heard—a cry and the roar of an explosion.

"That was steam and air. She's soon gone," said the gunner, with a ring of pity in his voice. "She must have been terribly badly ripped. I can imagine the rents in her bottom. Just think of it—crunch, squish, like the rip of paper; so!" He made a rasping, hissing sound between his teeth.

"Don't," snapped Saunders.

"Sorry," answered the gunner serenely. He was too much pleased with his performance to be hurt by the tones of the Lieutenant-Commander. Besides, he remembered that Saunders was very young, and that this was his first experience of war. "By George, what a baptism of fire!" he murmured.

Again the cry rang on the clammy air. To the gunner's amazement the Lieutenant-Commander ordered his company to stand by the boats.

"Whatever for?" asked Moorson in astonishment.

"To lower 'em, I suppose," grunted the gunner to himself. Saunders did not answer. He twirled the wheel, and the *Bantling* rushed back to the spot where the battle-ship had been. The fog was rapidly disappearing, and the sun was showing himself again.

The gunner gave a questioning look.

"Yes," said Saunders, almost defiantly, "I'm going to order the boats out, and pick some of them up. I can't leave them here to drown."

The gunner thought of saying, "It's war," and adding something about everything being fair in the game; but he answered heartily, "Of course not. Why, for that matter, we can hike some of them out of the water with our hands—this way."

He leaned over the side as he spoke, and grabbed at a sailor who was stretching his hands above his head for the last time. He lugged him on to the deck as he might have lugged an inanimate object, and then jumped into one of the boats which were now in the water. "Work like the deuce, my lads," he cried encouragingly, "for, by George! if our friends' friends come down, as they're sure to do, they'll let you know what their jails, or worse, are like."

The *Bantling*'s boats were quickly filled, working as hard as the boats which the battle-ship had managed to get lowered. They were few in number, but enough for the few survivors who were struggling on the water. The prisoners were tumbled on board the destroyer and driven below.

"Just one more load," said the gunner, "and then we must be off. It's fearfully risky keeping here—my heart jumps into my mouth every time I give a look round. I expect to see a cruiser or some destroyers on our track."

"Yes," said Saunders anxiously, "we shall have to be off."

"Another load for the *Bantling*, and then we're full," said Moorson, who was hauling at bobbing heads and bodies with tremendous energy. "Ah, it's no good, I must have him! Shove her along, my lads."

He urged the light boat on, and himself helped on board the Admiral of the lost ship. The officer was too much exhausted to resist or protest, and sank, a limp heap, in the stern-sheets.

With an exulting smile Moorson helped the Admiral on board; but the officer did not see his face. Saunders, coming to the side of his craft, received the Admiral with abrupt politeness and ceremony, and begged him to go below into his cabin, on his word of honour. The Admiral, with a sad bow, went down.

"Heave some water and biscuit into the boats, and leave 'em," shouted Saunders. "We haven't time to hoist them up—and the poor devils will want something to eat and drink before they make the land."

Bags and casks were put into the boats, and then with a sigh of intense relief the gunner heard the telegraph ring full speed ahead.

"Not a second too soon," he observed with a grim smile. "Look!"

Saunders gazed in the direction at which the gunner was pointing. His heart leaped, for standing well up on the horizon were a couple of the enemy's cruisers.

"Let her go—let her go—you go and buck Guthrie up!" he shouted; and the gunner went below and encouraged the engineer and stokers with many and fearful words. But the sweating lord of the machinery made no answer, except just once, when he turned and asked who was likely to know most of the power of steam—a gunner or an engineer. "So you can go and pot the cruisers—that is, if you can hit 'em!" said

Guthrie scathingly. Without replying, Beldon went on deck and watched the cruisers. He saw a fierce flash of flame and a cloud of smoke, and heard, some seconds later, the report of a gun. He saw, too, far astern, a white pillar, where the shot had fallen into the sea.

He grinned placidly. "Good running practice for you—and that's all," he said. "Don't waste powder and shot on us; we're not worth it."

He turned and started. Standing at his elbow, motionless, was the captured Admiral. He had heard the shot and had come up from the cabin. The gunner saluted. "Sorry, Sir, but you must go below," he said.

The prisoner turned with a sigh that smote Beldon harder than words could have done.

The Lieutenant-Commander came up and joined the gunner. He had handed the wheel over to the quartermaster of the watch, and now wiped his grimy brow. "Is Guthrie letting her go?" he asked.

"Yes, and himself too," answered the gunner.

"Just look at him." Saunders did so, and saw that in his sweltering den, stripped to the waist, Guthrie was indeed letting the *Bantling* go. Then the Lieutenant-Commander went below, and with honourable deference to his distinguished prisoner begged him to make himself as comfortable as possible, and placed before him such refreshment as the ship at such a time afforded. The Admiral shook his head dejectedly. He was too greatly hurt and distressed at his ill-fortune, and had no wish either to eat or drink.

"You command?" he asked in English.

"Yes, Sir," answered Saunders.

"Ah!" sighed the Admiral. "Then my ship has been destroyed and I have been taken by a mere boat—commanded by a boy."

The Lieutenant-Commander flushed.

"But a brave boy—a fine boy," added the Admiral, with a sad smile.

Saunders bowed, and feeling that it would be the best thing to do, he returned to the deck.

Until port was reached Guthrie never left his engines; the Lieutenant-Commander did not stir from the helmsman, and Beldon and Moorson, with grim faces and hard-set jaws, stood with a dozen seamen, and kept watch over the prisoners, ready to fire upon them if they gave the slightest sign of trying to escape. But they were more dead than alive, and, battened down as they were, the prospect of regaining freedom was so hopeless that they made no effort to escape.

It was with fearful anxiety that Saunders and his company looked for signs of the land; and Guthrie had what were almost cold shivers when he felt the heated machinery and knew how near to a breakdown the engines were. If even a nut or bolt gave way just now, it was as much as the strained, whirling, roaring mass of steel and iron was worth. It meant almost certain ruin, for the *Bantling* would lie inert and helpless. She might, by providential luck, be picked up by a friendly ship; but it was more than likely that she would fall into the hands of the enemy. And what then? Guthrie refused to think of it, and tended his beloved engines with the care of a mother nursing a child at the crisis of a dangerous illness.

At last the friendly cliffs of the Isle of Wight grew large on the blue water, and a prowling British cruiser came up to see what the destroyer was, and generally what her business might be. She was of four funnels, and near 15,000 tons, and Saunders sighed with thankfulness when he was steaming easily under her vast and sheltering bulk. The Admiral was transferred to the cruiser, and as she and the *Bantling* steamed past the ponderous forts Saunders saw that the Admiral was in the stern-walk, gazing at him and the destroyer. The prisoners were still on board, the Captain of the cruiser having refused to take them; and now that fear of rising was hopeless, some—the weakest and sickest—were allowed on deck to breathe the fresh air.

There was violent signalling between the cruiser and the shore to make known the triumph of the destroyer, and when the *Bantling* steamed into harbour each shore was dense with people, who cheered themselves hoarse; the yards and rigging of old-time line-of-battle ships swarmed with seamen, and modern ships of war were crowded too. There was bellowing of steam syrens, and more shouts, and the Commander-in-Chief himself met Saunders, and said that he and his crew, without exception, were a credit to the British Navy.

When the joy of his conquest had somewhat lessened, Saunders, with a shudder, remembered what his orders were—to reconnoitre a certain island, and to find out whether an enemy was present, and in what force. Positively, from the moment he saw the battle-ship loom out of the fog until this instant, he had never given the island so much as a fleeting thought. And there was not to be any deviation from the orders. He remembered that, too; and unwelcome visions of a court-martial came into his troubled imagination. His bronzed face—it was also very dirty—paled as the Captain of the cruiser from whom his orders had come approached.

"Is the log written up?" asked the captain abruptly.

"No, Sir," faltered Saunders, remembering that here also was another omission. The log! It had never entered his mind.

"Not any part of it?" questioned the Captain.

"No, Sir," admitted the Lieutenant-Commander. "Truth to tell, I had eyes and ears for nothing but the enemy."

"Did you mention your orders to anyone?" asked the Captain.

"Not a soul, Sir."

"Then no one except yourself knows what the *Bantling* went out to do?"

"Only you and I, Sir."

"Oh!" The Captain made the exclamation, and paused. "Well," he said, "when you do write up the log, just say that your orders were to go out and reconnoitre for the enemy, and to return at once to report if you saw him, and in what force. Then it won't appear as if there had been anything in the way of deviation. And now," added the Captain, "let me congratulate you on the finest performance of the war. I said we can't all be Nelsons. We can't. But it seems as if some of us might be."

THE END.

CORONATION WORKMEN AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY: PRACTICAL RELIGION.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO.



ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE HOLDING A DINNER-HOUR SERVICE FOR THE CORONATION WORKMEN AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Archdeacon Wilberforce, recognising the duty of the Church Militant towards the army of workmen now engaged at the Abbey upon the Coronation preparations, has persuaded the men to give up twenty minutes of their dinner-hour to attend a short service in the Cloisters. The Archdeacon has obtained leave for the men to smoke within the precincts—a privilege never granted before—and has himself provided a gift of tobacco. During the sermon the workmen may smoke, and wear their hats. A hymn is sung, the Lord's Prayer is said, and the Archdeacon delivers a brief address, frequently drawing his illustrations from the historical associations of the Minster and its great men departed.

THE OPENING UP OF NIGERIA: THE ZARIA RELIEF EXPEDITION.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPTINGS WRIGHT FROM SKETCHES BY SURGEON-MAJOR RAYE, OF THE EXPEDITION.



1. THE TAKING OF THE EMIR OF KONTOGORA'S FORTIFIED CAMP BETWEEN
KAYA AND MASKA BY MAJOR DICKINSON, FEBRUARY 20, 1902.

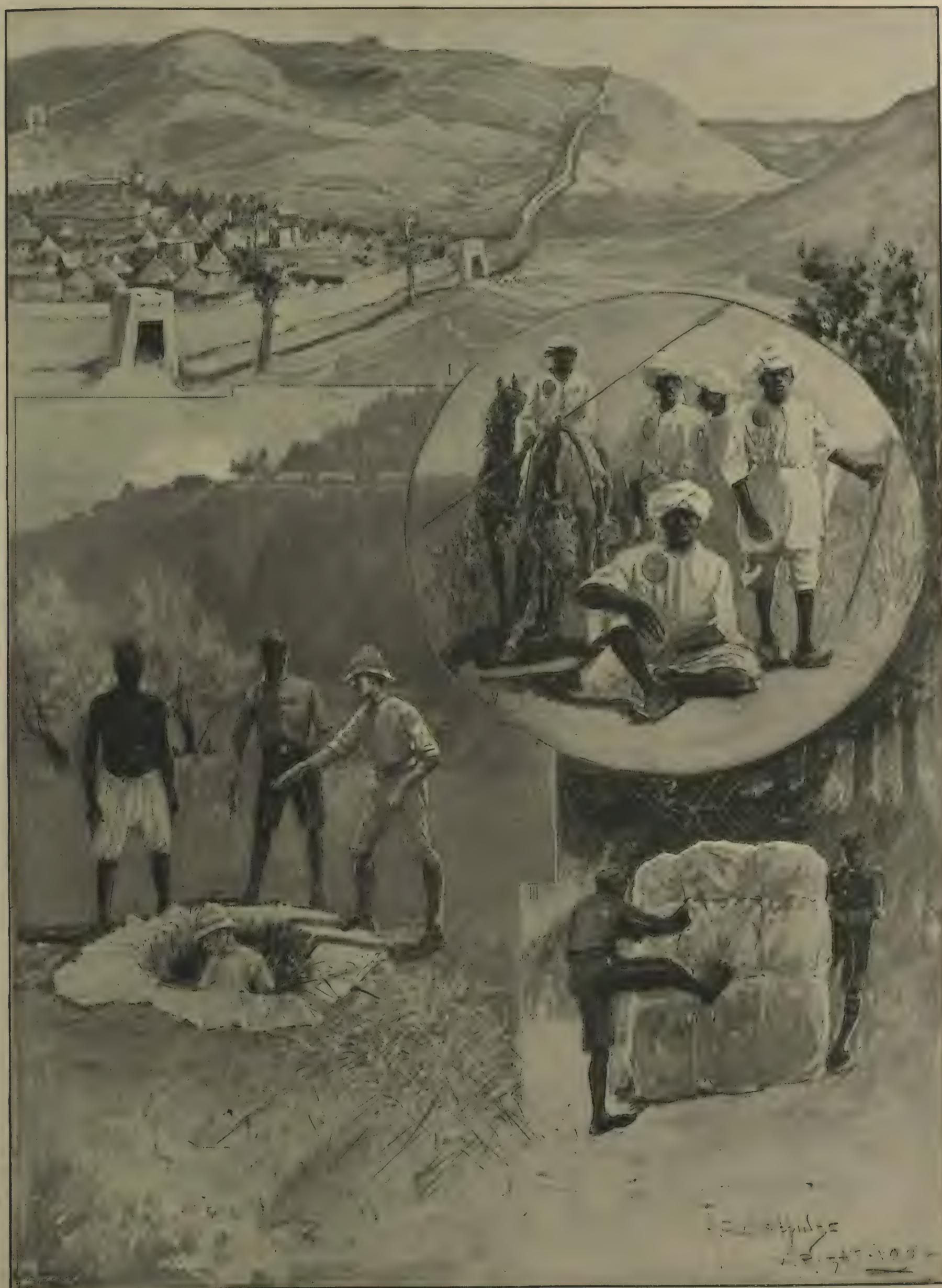
Owing to continuous raids committed by the Emir of Kontogora in Northern Nigeria, a column under Major Dickinson was despatched in February from Jebba to capture the turbulent potentate. By a series of forced marches for a distance of over four hundred and twenty miles, the expedition was carried to a completely successful issue. The Emir's compound is seen within the enclosure in our first picture.

2. THE CAPTURE OF THE REBEL EMIR OF KONTOGORA: MAJOR DICKINSON
SHACKLING HIS PRISONER FOR THE NIGHT, MARCH 1, 1902.

3. THE SURRENDER OF THE EMIR OF KONTOGORA AND HIS
NEPHEW TO CAPTAIN ABADIE, RESIDENT OF ZARIA.

THE OPENING UP OF NIGERIA: THE ZARIA RELIEF EXPEDITION.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT FROM SKETCHES BY SURGEON-MAJOR RAYE, OF THE EXPEDITION.



1. GWARI, IN THE ZARIA PROVINCE.

2. METHOD OF FILLING CANVAS WITH STRAW: A HOLE IS DUG IN THE GROUND AND LINED WITH CANVAS, INTO WHICH THE STRAW IS THEN PACKED AND TRAMPLED DOWN.

3. FINALLY THE BUNDLE IS LIFTED OUT OF THE HOLE AND CORDED.

4. THE KING AND COURTIERS OF GWARI AWAITING AN INTERVIEW WITH THE BRITISH OFFICIALS.

On February 18 the expedition reached the town of Gwari, the King of which came in with his courtiers and submitted to the British authority. He was attended by his interpreter, a native beerman, and a native general on horseback. At Gwari there is a slave market, which is situated within the enclosure a little distance to the right of the main gate, shown in our sketch.

THE GREAT THUNDERSTORM AND FLOODS IN BERLIN.



A WET CROSSING: THE FLOODS IN YORK STRASSE.

Not for sixty years has Berlin seen so tremendous a thunderstorm as that which broke over the city on April 14. Torrents of rain deluged the streets and washed away embankments and railway-lines, bringing traffic to a standstill.

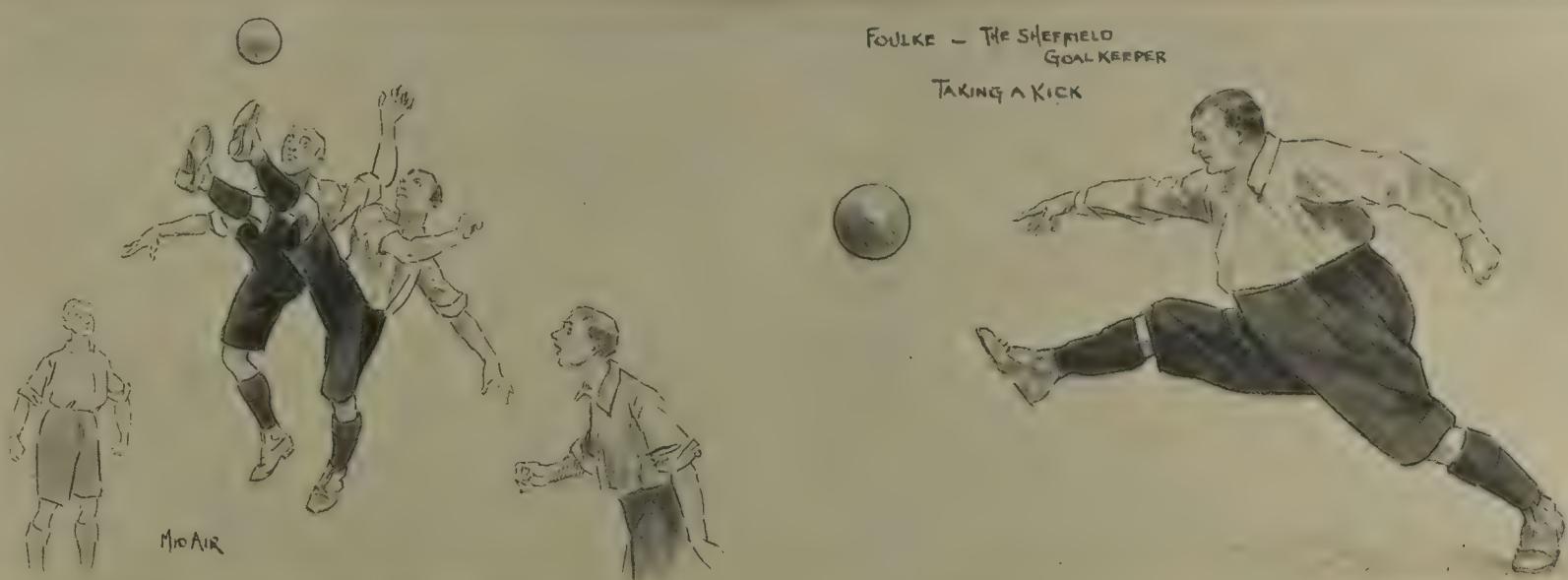


TRAFFIC UNDER DIFFICULTIES IN THE FLOODED BAUTZENER STRASSE.

In the lower-lying parts of the city, houses and cellars were inundated. The lightning caused many fires, and during the storm the fire-brigade had 400 calls. The firemen rendered gallant service also in rescuing children from drowning—a curious reversal of the element they combat professionally.

THE ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CUP TIE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



THE DRAWN GAME BETWEEN SHEFFIELD UNITED AND SOUTHAMPTON ON APRIL 19.

The match was played in the presence of 74,479 spectators, and resulted in a draw, the score being one goal each. Foulke, the heavy Sheffield goal-keeper, won great popularity with his goal kicks and fist defence; but the game was slow and uneventful. The appearance of Sir Thomas Lipton was loudly cheered, but the owner of "Shamrock" would not accede to the calls of "Speech." Lord Kinnaird addressed the teams, wishing them a more decisive game on the 26th, and Sir Howard Vincent, M.P. for Sheffield, proposed a vote of thanks.

THE STRATFORD-ON-AVON SHAKSPERE FESTIVAL: SCENES AND PLAYERS.

HORATIO
Mr. H. G. W.
HAMLET
Mr. F. R. BensonGHOST
Mr. G. F. FleetwoodLUCENTIO
(Mr. F. Rodney).
BIANCA
(Miss Dillon).BAPTISTA
(Mr. Brydon).KATHARINE
(Mrs. Benson).

Photo, Ellis and Valery.

HAMLET BEFORE HIS FATHER'S GHOST.
"It weaves me still. Go on! I'll follow thee!"



Photo, Chancellor, Dublin.

MR. AND MRS. F. R. BENSON AS HENRY V. AND KATHARINE OF FRANCE.
"Upon that I will kiss your hand, and I call you my Queen!"

GRUMIO
(Mr. G. R. Weir).PETRUCHIO
(Mr. F. R. Benson).LUCENTIO
(Mr. Frank Rodney).
BIANCA
(Miss Dillon).

Photo, Window and Grove.

MISS ELLEN TERRY AS QUEEN KATHARINE IN "HENRY VIII."

"Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles; sing, and disperse them, if thou canst!"

MRS. FORD
(Mrs. Benson).FALSTAFF
(Mr. Weir).MRS. PAGE
(Miss Dillon).

Photo, Ellis and Valery.

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW": PETRUCHIO CARRYING OFF HIS BRIDE.
"Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate! I'll buckler thee against a million!"



Photo, Ellis and Valery.

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW": KATHARINE FLOUTS HER SISTER'S SUITORS.
KATHARINE: "What! shall I be appointed hours?"



Photo, Window and Grove.

MISS ELLEN TERRY AS QUEEN KATHARINE IN "HENRY VIII."

"Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles; sing, and disperse them, if thou canst!"

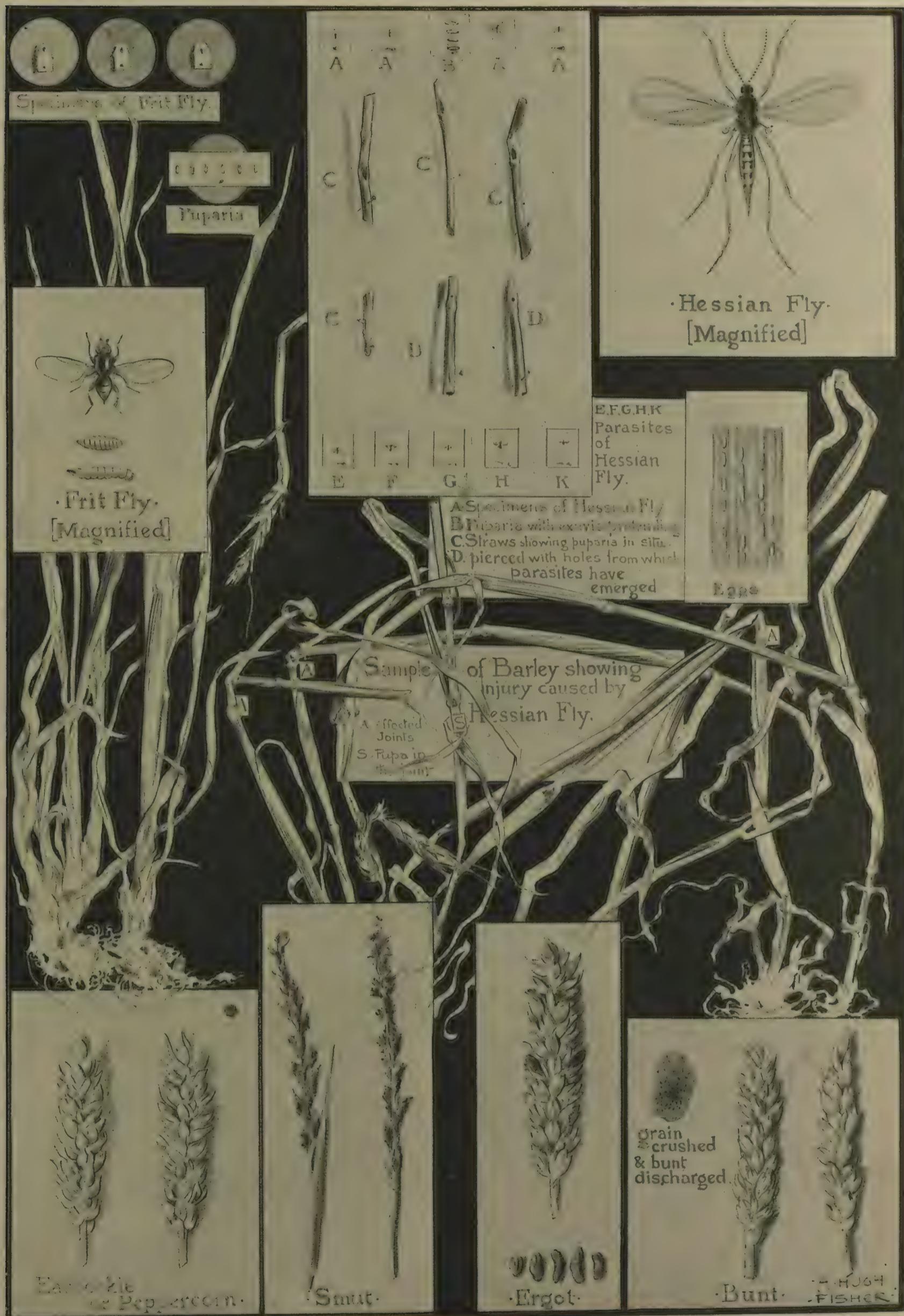
MRS. FORD
(Mrs. Benson).FALSTAFF
(Mr. Weir).MRS. PAGE
(Miss Dillon).

Photo, Ellis and Valery.

"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR": FALSTAFF IS HIDDEN IN THE BUCK-BASKET.
FALSTAFF: "I love thee, and none but thee. Help me away!"

THE EXHIBITION OF CORN PESTS AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER.



EXAMPLES NEWLY ADDED TO THE MUSEUM OF PESTS THAT DESTROY CORN.

The Hessian fly, so called because it was believed to have been introduced into America in fodder by the Hessian troops, is only periodically destructive, being kept in check by numerous parasites. Its eggs are laid between the stem and the sheath of the grain. The larva when hatched crawls down to the base of the sheath, where it changes into the pupa stage. The stem, weakened by the larva, bends just at the joint, causing the upper part to wither or die. The frit fly is especially destructive to oats and barley. We show also some fungi which attack corn. When complete, this permanent exhibition will contain examples of all the pests which attack our corn and trees.

CORONATIONS OF ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS.—No. XIV.: EDWARD VI.



THE PROCESSION OF EDWARD VI THROUGH LONDON, FEBRUARY 20, 1547.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

- The Italian Renaissance in England.* By Lewis Einstein. (London: Macmillan.)
Lost Property. By W. Pett Ridge. (London: Methuen. 6s.)
A Lord of the Soil. By Hamilton Drummond. (London: Ward, Lock. 6s.)
State Trials. Edited by H. L. Stephen. Vols. III. and IV. (London: Duckworth. 6s.)
Five Stuart Princesses. Edited by Robert S. Rait. (London: Macmillan. 12s. 6d.)
Birds' Nests. By Charles Dixon. (London: Grant Richards. 6s.)
Little Memoirs of the Nineteenth-Century. By George Paston. (London: Grant Richards. 10s. 6d.)

The influence of "The Italian Renaissance in England" over the courtier, the scholar, and the traveller is traced by Mr. Einstein in a series of "Studies," which naturally divide themselves into two parts. There was, of course, the Englishman who went abroad and brought back with him Italian fan-dangles, to be considered at



SIR THOMAS WYATT, BY HOLBEIN.

Reproduced from "The Italian Renaissance in England," by permission of Messrs. Macmillan.

first affected and then imitated and admired. After that came the Italian himself, often invited hither by the travelling Englishman. The story of the Renaissance in Literature is sufficiently familiar. In art it is even more apparent; for whereas we had a hundred minor authors of our own at work in imitation of the Italian, and had later a Shakspere and a Milton to avow Italian influences, we had very few native artists, and no great ones, of even derivative activity, but imported them bodily. They did not, in most cases, come to us from Italy direct, as Zuccherino did; but when they came from France and Holland, it was the impulse from Italy that sent them here. The first "Italianate Englishman," a type common later, was noted in the middle of the fifteenth century—John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, a dilettante, but not of the lighter sort. He tarried in Padua to perfect his Latinity and in Florence to copy manuscripts. William Selling, a Benedictine monk, of All Souls', Oxford, with another monk, William Hadley, went to Padua and Bologna, met Italian scholars, and brought back to England "the new learning," which included a knowledge of Greek. Henry VIII., who liked all foreigners, liked Italians best, and learned to speak their tongue. There was the dandy as well as the scholar. Ben Jonson has handed him down to us in satire. Then there was the diplomat—sometimes also a bit of a fighter—a Machiavellian creation. Of all these types Mr. Einstein writes with large knowledge and with sufficient sympathy. He might, perhaps, have done better to say less of the literary movement and more of the artistic; but in any case he has done well. The reaction against "the Italian danger" was sure to come in our island, and Puritanism gave force to the popular dislike of the foreigner—a dislike which the Spanish Armada intensified, and which the Reformers almost embodied as an article of the national creed. The effect of the Reformation upon subsequent art in England is a large subject as well as a delicate and a fascinating one. Perhaps some attempt to fix it may be undertaken by Mr. Einstein in another equally welcome volume.

According to the written testimony of William Neal, porter, he was on duty on No. 9 platform; when he noticed in an empty third a basket or hamper, or "pkge," which the inspector told him to take to the L.P.O. "I done this, and there it were found to contain a child." This female child Nameless, 6543 on the L.P.O.'s books, is the heroine of Mr. Pett Ridge's new story, "Lost Property." The guardians named her Maggie Cannon (from Cannon Street Station, where William Neal found the "pkge"), and passed her on to Nurse Watson, and a chequered but honourable career. From the Police Office to the workhouse, from the workhouse to Mrs. Malden's, from Mrs. Malden's by many adventurous steps to a seat in the Savings Bank Department in his Majesty's Post Office, Maggie carries sharp wits and a cheerful

spirit, undisturbed by the mystery of her parentage, which the author is daring enough to leave unsolved; and rewarded in the end by the hand of Lucas, who only through many tribulations comes out worthy of her. Everyone who is acquainted with Mr. Ridge's work will understand how amusingly he tells Maggie's story. He knows his London, and its humble denizens: he has an eye for their humours, and a pen that seldom if ever descends to describe them cheaply. "Lost Property" deserves success, and is sure, we think, to achieve it; for the prevailing spirit of the author is one of kindness, and that, as Nurse Watson said, always is a pretty safe investment.

In "A Lord of the Soil," Mr. Hamilton Drummond has written a thoroughly good story. The scene is France, the time the reign of Charles VI., and Charles de Ramel, Seigneur of Quercy, is the Lord of the Soil. At the opening of the story, de Ramel is leaving Paris, where he has spent his crowns but not his acres, for his home in Quercy; and travelling with him thither is Monsieur La Brousse, who very soon passes from Quercy and out of our knowledge. During his short stay as de Ramel's guest, however, La Brousse is given an exhibition, begun partly in gasconade, of the Seigneur's usage of his peasant chattels; and it is from the terrible outcome of that day's sport with human game that the story proper flows. We will not disclose it further than by saying that it turns on the part played in a rising of the Quercy peasants by the heroine, Joan Giron, herself a daughter of the soil, who has become de Ramel's Countess, and has learned to love him. There is nothing gaudy about Mr. Drummond's work. It is spirited and careful, and exhibits the story-teller's gift, which, without meretricious aid, holds the reader's attention to the end. The book is illustrated—unequally, but with freshness—by Mr. Van Anrooy.

To those who have neither the time nor the inclination to read Howell's twenty volumes, Mr. H. L. Stephen's dainty books of political and social "State Trials," companions to those issued some two years ago, will be more than welcome. Judiciously selected, condensed, and annotated, these records of facts, far more fascinating than, if not so strange as, much modern fiction, afford excellent reading. Which of the trials is likely to arouse most interest it is difficult to say, but the accounts of the confession, trial, and condemnation of Joan Perry and her two sons for the supposed murder of William Harrison—a plot Gaboriau would have revelled in—the trial of Count Coningsmark and others, and the story of "The Arraignment, conviction, and condemnation of Rob., Earle of Essex, and Henrie, Earle of Southampton, houlden at Westminster the XIXth of Febr., 1600, 43rd Reg. before the Lord High Steward appointed for that daye, beeing the Lord Treasurer of England," may be cited as among the most engrossing. The trial whereby, as "Mr. Attorney" put it, "he that thought to have been Kinge of England, Robert the first," was "like to be Earle of Essex, Robert the last," the only one for which Howell was not drawn upon, is from a hitherto unpublished contemporary manuscript mentioned by Spedding and in the possession of Lord Tollemache. Baconians in general, and perhaps, at the moment, followers of Mrs. Gallup in particular, will be much instructed by the part played in the prosecution by Bacon, who twice restored the main line of the argument when a mass of irrelevant matter threatened to obscure the real point at issue, and, by so doing, doubtless helped considerably towards the adverse verdict. The only jarring note in the production is struck in the wholly unnecessary and serio-comic Introduction.

For the disillusionment of those who regard history as dull and uninteresting, few books could be better fitted than that entitled "Five Stuart Princesses." It is the merest truism that truth is stranger than fiction, and in this instance the romance of real life surpasses that of the imagination. The most prosaic lot of the five was that of Sophia, Electress of Hanover, and granddaughter of James I. and VI., who, least a Stewart of them all, would thereby almost seem to have escaped the misfortunes of her kindred. She chiefly claims attention as the link between Britain's ancient dynasties and the Hanoverian line which took their place. Far otherwise was it with her mother, the Princess Elizabeth Stewart, Electress Palatine and Queen of Bohemia, a woman whom only a more than royal fortitude could have sustained through her many trials. Brothers, father, son, and husband, fortune, crown, and kingdom, all passed from her life, but the "Queen of Hearts" endured with a cheerful fortitude, worthy of the sister of King Charles I., and a courage worthy of the mother of the gallant Cavalier, Prince Rupert.

The Princesses Mary and Henrietta Stewart, daughters of Charles I., are noteworthy—the first as the mother of William of Orange, who supplanted his uncle, James II. on the British throne; and the second as the ancestress of the Princess Mary of Modena, the present-day lineal representative and heiress of the royal line of the Stewarts. It was, as her historian suggests, the very irony of fate which cast the lot of a daughter of two Sovereigns with such exalted ideas of the divine right of Kings as Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, among the most democratic community of the age, and doomed her to a life-long struggle for her son's rights with "slim" and grasping Dutch burghers. Outwardly more brilliant, but infinitely more unhappy, was the life of the younger sister, Princess Henrietta. Inheriting the beauty and scholarly tastes of her ancestors, she was married at the age of seventeen to the brother of Louis XIV. of France, a man, in the words of her historian, "ignorant and vain, devoid of affection, but consumed by jealousy, destitute of ambition and intelligence, and without one honourable sentiment or noble aspiration."

Seen but dimly through the haze of the centuries, and perhaps on that account seemingly most romantic of all, is the fifth Princess, the eldest daughter of James I., the poet King of Scotland. Very pathetic is the picture of

her loving father striving to postpone the evil day which should part him from his little daughter, whom political necessity had impelled him to contract to the heir of France in order to strengthen the alliance against their "auld enemie of England." And so the Princess Margaret Stewart, a child of eleven, takes her place as a piece in that war-game, where her kinsmen, John Stewart, Earl of Buchan, Sir John Stewart of Darnley, Sir John Stewart of Gartres and Dalswinton, and other Stewarts of less note to boot, had already played their part and died for France. So, too, died she, a girl of twenty summers only, a being too loving and refined to live in the atmosphere of license, intrigue, and treason which surrounded her. The book, which is the work of five lecturers and graduates of New College, Oxford, is edited by Mr. Robert S. Rait.

In "Birds' Nests," Mr. Dixon devotes his extensive knowledge of bird life to the arrangement of materials on which he hopes it may be possible to found a new science. The great majority of ornithologists have been content to admire the wonderful skill with which birds build their nests, without attempting to reduce the subject to rules; Mr. Dixon, undaunted by its complexities, adventures a start by grouping nests under various headings in accordance with shape and site. It is as satisfactory a method as another, but we doubt much whether any system will bear development on exact lines, since the nesting habit of almost any common species offers variety enough to disprove any rule. For example, the starling, who normally selects a hole in a tree or in the eaves, frequently builds a nest in a tree open to the sky; and where trees and houses are scarce, accepts with contentment the shelter of a rabbit-hole. And who shall pledge the robin to orthodoxy when an old pot, kettle, or boot appeals to her love of the eccentric? The study of birds' nests will lose none of its intrinsic interest if it refuse to lend itself to the rigours of scientific classifications—as Mr. Dixon's most readable book itself demonstrates.

We reviewed in this page about a year ago a volume of biographical sketches, by "George Paston," of minor celebrities of the eighteenth century; and now it is followed by another of "Little Memoirs of the Nineteenth Century." In both, the author has chosen subjects who left behind them "confessions," "letters," and the like; and it is a reflection on the autobiographical spirit or habit that so many of them are notorious rather than famous, and ridiculous rather than distinguished. All of them, however, are interesting, and bring us into touch with celebrities still more noteworthy than themselves. This is especially true of the later volume. The first and longest "memoir" in it is of the unhappy painter Haydon, from the abundant material—autobiographical



NATHANIEL PARKER ("NAMBY PAMBY") WILLIS.

Reproduced from "Little Memoirs of the Nineteenth Century," by permission of Mr. Grant Richards.

and reminiscent—about whom "George Paston" has made an excellent selection. Hers is an admirably judicious and at the same time sympathetic study of that extraordinary spirit. She does equal justice to the career of Lady Morgan, a scarce less complex "subject," though in it there was as much comedy as there was tragedy in Haydon's "Lady Hester Stanhope" and "William and Mary Howitt"—the conjunction indicates the variety and surprises of the volume—complete the English memoirs. Two are added of visitors to our shores of very different calibre, whose verdict on the life they saw may be considered, the author thinks, as "equivalent to that of contemporary postenty." These are the most entertaining in the volume. "Prince Pückler-Muskau in England" is richly suggestive of romantic comedy, such as we associate with the genius of Mr. George Meredith; while "Namby-Pamby-Willis" is touched in with just the delicate lightness that the subject demands. Altogether, these "Little Memoirs" point to a delightful field of comparative biography.

CORONATIONS OF ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS.—No. XV.: CHARLES II.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO.



THE LAST CORONATION PROCESSION FROM THE TOWER TO WESTMINSTER, APRIL 22, 1661.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

From time to time in this column I have referred to the attitude of science in relation to what may be termed the supernormal side of things. By this latter term are indicated phenomena that appear on the face of them to be incapable of explanations which lie within the scope of the ordinary affairs of existence. Thus, alleged cases of ghost-seeing, of clairvoyance, of telepathy, and the like may be cited as examples of "supernormal" incidents, because in order to frame some theory or other of their occurrence, we are obliged to pass beyond the domain of what may be termed ascertained and explicable fact. I am not concerning myself here with the important question of the credibility of alleged incidents of the kind referred to. That in itself is an all-important matter, of course. If we are not certain that the phenomena are real, it is obviously useless, and foolish as well, to waste time in their investigation. If a spiritualistic medium (as was the case at Berlin a week or two gone by) is found herself to shower flowers down on her clients sitting in the dark, by way of impressing them that they are the gifts of the nether world, we are no more called upon seriously to deal with spiritualistic theories of the origin of the flowers, or with any other manifestations of this kind, than we are compelled to treat as realities the tricks of the professed conjurer.

I frankly admit that when reliable evidence—not always easy to procure—of occult affairs is obtained, and cases of so-called supernormal nature are related, science may very likely be unable to offer explanations thereof. It is the duty and business of scientific inquiry to bring the supernormal into the sphere of the known and understood. This view of matters apparently does not commend itself to a good many believers in the supernatural side of brain-work, so called. They will resent any explanation being offered at all. They hug the mystery to their hearts, and it is endeared to them because it is a mystery on the *omne ignotum pro magnifico* principle. Spiritualists will thus scorn the possibility of science having any concern at all with their particular beliefs, for the plain reason that accurate investigation in the past has resulted in disastrous consequences to the cult.

Assuming, however, quite another attitude to supernormal, that is to say, at present inexplicable, or at least mysterious, phases of brain-work, we find other persons who are only too eager to arrive at some definite conclusion concerning the phenomena in question. They may or may not be prejudiced in favour of the idea that manifestations from other worlds are possible to humankind, or that communication between persons separated by thousands of miles is possible, apart from all recognised means of conveying messages. But they are willing to investigate when conditions favourable to discovery or examination are presented, and in this spirit they thoroughly approve of all scientific endeavour to throw light on what they regard as the dark places in our knowledge relating to the universe within us and to the universe without. Such persons should welcome the publication of the Presidential address lately delivered to the Society for Psychical Research by Professor Oliver Lodge.

Dr. Lodge is evidently impressed, if not invariably with the reality of some of the features of the supernormal side of matters, at least with the need for further investigation. His words indicate to my mind that his own personal beliefs tend sometimes to transcend his scientific aspirations, in the sense that he is convinced of the reality before he can find his proofs. I do not say that this state of mind is unnatural or philosophical, for it leads him to frame here and there a theory which may serve as a provisional explanation of the phenomena he discusses. For example, in dealing with telepathy, the reality of which he takes for granted, Dr. Lodge distinctly says it is "in need of explanation." Then he proceeds to inquire if it is a physiological function of the brain—that is, a material brain-action depending, say, on the power of brain-cells to transmit their emanations through space—or if it is a psychological one. Telepathy may not involve any direct immediate action between the two minds at all; and Dr. Lodge suggests there may be an "intermediary," some physiological or mental medium, or perhaps even "a third intelligence or mind operating on both agent and percipient, or in communication with both."

All this speculation is very interesting, and, viewed as a species of mental gymnastics, is doubtless profitable enough. What, however, one is tempted to say about it all is that it does not seem to lead us any nearer to the appreciation of the nature of the alleged mysterious communication. The inclusion of the idea of a third mind is really making a theory about a theory, and evolving a second hypothesis out of a first. That which remains, as Dr. Lodge would undoubtedly admit, is the collection of exact details, their systematic arrangement, and their formulation by way of ascertaining if the facts present a case for being strung together by a reasonable theory that shall lead us nearer the explanatory goal.

Dr. Lodge approves highly of the theory of the late Mr. Myers, that many alleged supernormal actions are due to the operation of that dim mental undercurrent which he called subliminal consciousness—a kind of ever-present second self, that remains mostly in the mental background in normal life, but occasionally comes to the front with its store of impressions that puzzle us concerning their origin. May it not be that, after all, the things we imagine proceed from other spheres outside us really represent the outpourings on occasion of this second self? That deeper ground, that underlying stratum of mentality, may have stored up within it untold thousands of memories and ideas, many of them inherited from our ancestors, and, when reproduced, appearing to us strange, mysterious, and unrecognisable impressions. On this view of matters, many—I do not say all—of the supernormal features supposed to be derived from other worlds really come from that strange inner microcosm we call our own brain.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.
GODFREY HEATHCOTE (Manchester).—Your problem is very acceptable, coming after so long an interval since the last.

H A SALWAY (Grove End Road).—Revised version received with thanks.
R BEE (Cowpen).—We fear no problem whose solution commenced with the capture of an adverse Rook would find acceptance by any responsible editor. Besides, if Black play 1. P to K 8th, becoming a Knight, where does mate come in?

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3015 received from Edward L. Walter (Windsor, Cape Colony); of No. 3020 from M Shaida Ali Khan (Rampur); of No. 3021 from A G (Pancsova) and Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 3022 from Raoul Imbert (Cannes), James Clark (Chester), Emile Frau (Lyons), James Bailey (Newark), and A G (Pancsova); of No. 3023 from L Desanges, Eugene Henry (Nunhead), A G (Pancsova), Major Nanghi (Dublin), Emile Frau, Raoul Imbert (Cannes), and James Bailey; of No. 3024 from A J Allen (Hampstead), F B (Worthing), Walter C Bennett (Windsor), D B R (Oban), Clement C Danby, John R Milne (Peebles), H Le Jeune, C Emerson Carter (Peebles), Raoul Imbert, Emile Frau, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), C E Perugini, Alessandro Bolognini (Verona), G T Hughes (Dublin), H Beaumont (Hexham-on-Tyne), M A Eyre (Folkestone), Edward J Sharpe, J Hall, C H Allen, and C W Porter (Crawley).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3025 received from Rev. A Mays (Bedford), T Colledge Halliburton (Jedburgh), J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), John Kelly (Glasgow), Edith Corser (Reigate), Joseph Wilcock (Shrewsbury), W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), T Roberts, J W (Campsie), R ginald Gordon, Hereward, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), W D Easton (Sunderland), Thomas M Eglington (Handsworth), W Marriott (Chisbur), Martin F Sorrento, W A Lillico (Edinburgh), Clement C Danby, F J S (Hampstead), G Stillingfleet (London), C E Perugini, J L Henson (Clifton), Shadforth, J D Tucker (Ilkley), Henry H Pratt, Charles Burnett, E J Winter-Wood, Alpha, H S Brandreth (Weybridge), J Coad, E B V Hussey (Peterborough), and L Desanges.

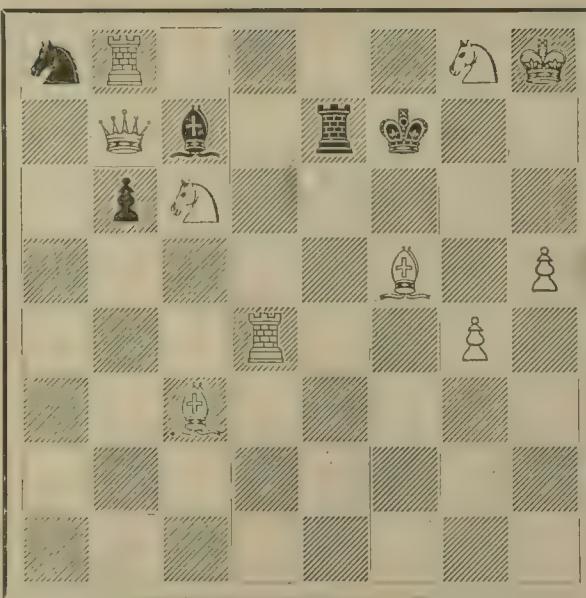
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3023.—By W. T. PIERCE.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to K B 4th K takes R
2. R to B 3rd (ch) K takes R, or moves
3. Q Mates.

If Black play 1. K to Q 2nd, 2. Q to Q 4th (ch); if 1. Q to Q 2nd, 2. R to Kt 5th (ch); and if 1. R to Q sq, then 2. P to Kt 8th (a Queen), R takes Q; 3. Q to Q 4th, mate.

PROBLEM NO. 3027.—By A. G. STUBBS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played between Messrs. W. E. NAPIER and F. J. MARSHALL.

(Petroff Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. N.) BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
3. P to Q 4th

It is probable this continuation will eventually prove to be one of the best in the Petroff Defence.

4. P to K 5th Q to K 2nd
5. B to K 2nd Kt to K 5th
6. Castles

Vigorous play. Q takes P at once might be met by Q to Kt 5th (ch), forcing the exchange.

7. R to K sq P to K 3rd
8. B to Q B 4th Kt to Kt 4th
9. Kt takes Kt P takes Kt
10. Kt to Q 2nd P to Kt 5th
11. Kt to K 4th Kt takes P
12. Kt to Kt 5th P to K B 3rd
13. B to B 4th P to Q 3rd
14. Q takes Q P to B 2nd
15. Q R to Q sq P to R 3rd
16. R to K 3rd P to Kt 3rd

WHITE (Mr. N.) BLACK (Mr. M.)
17. B to B 7th (ch) K to Q sq
18. B to Q 5th P takes Kt

A nice series of complications now ensues, which renders the game pleasurable and interesting.

19. R takes Kt B to Kt 2nd
20. R takes Q B takes Q

21. B takes Kt P R to R 4th

22. R to Kt 7th (ch) R takes B

23. R takes B R to K 4th

24. P to K B 3rd P to B 4th

25. R to Q sq P takes P

26. B takes B P K to B 2nd

27. B takes Kt P R to Q Kt sq

28. B to B 3rd P to Kt 4th

29. P to Q Kt 3rd Q R to K sq

30. B to Kt 4th Q R to K 2nd

31. R takes R R takes K

32. B takes B R takes B

33. R to Q 2nd K to B 3rd

34. P to Q B 4th R to K 5th

35. K to B 2nd R to B 5th (ch)

36. K to K 3rd R to B 8th

37. R to K B 2nd R to Q Kt 8th

Black resigns.

CHESS IN SWEDEN.

Game played between Messrs. J. HEFTYE and F. SKAVIAN.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. H.) BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th P to Q B 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
3. P to Q 4th

The old Sicilian Defence, after many vicissitudes, has lately reappeared, and proved not so bad, after all.

4. P to Q 5th Kt to R 4th
5. P to Q 6th Q to Kt 3rd
6. P to K 5th P to B 3rd
7. B to K B 4th

All this leads to a lively game. It is not often a Pawn becomes well established at Q 6th, but when it does it is generally a hopeless thing for the other side.

7. P takes Kt P takes Kt
8. Q Kt to Q 2nd P to Kt 4th
9. Kt takes P P takes Kt
10. Q R to Kt sq

It looks as if Q to R 5th (ch) was good enough; but White plays safely, first making himself secure at home.

WHITE (Mr. H.) BLACK (Mr. S.)
10. Kt takes Q P takes R
11. Kt to K 2nd P to K 2nd
12. Q to R 5th (ch) K to Q sq
13. Q to B 7th B to R 3rd

14. B to K 2nd Kt to B 3rd

15. B to R 5th K Kt to K 2nd

16. Q to B 6th

It is a rare choice of good things, and the best course is to keep Black shut in!

17. Q takes B P to Kt 4th

18. B to B 7th R to K sq

19. B takes R K takes R

20. Q to R 5th (ch) Kt to Kt 3rd

21. Q takes R P Q takes P

22. P to K 4th B to Kt 2nd

23. P to R 5th B to K 5th

24. P takes Kt K takes P

25. Q to Kt 8th (ch) Kt to B sq

26. R to R 8th Resigns.

NOTE.

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THE SHAKSPERE FESTIVAL AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

"All the world's a stage," wrote Shakspere some three centuries ago, and perhaps the best comment on the assertion that the lapse of time has made is to-day to be found in the general acknowledgment that Shakspere's stage is in itself a very wonderful world. Once in every year for a brief space Stratford-on-Avon, the native place of the great dramatist, becomes the most appropriate auditorium to his magical stage, and in the present year of grace this happy relationship is being prolonged beyond all former limits.

In 1769 it was thought to be a very notable thing that David Garrick and his fellows could give a three-days' commemoration of Shakspere by the performance of his plays in the little old-world town where he was born and lies buried. To-day the figure is trebled, and for three whole weeks enthusiastic audiences are assembled from all parts of the country, from the Continent, and from the land of Mrs. Gallup and the latest Baconian cypher, to witness the performances of no less than nine of Shakspere's plays within the Memorial Theatre.

An interesting result of this extension of the Festival's span is already noticeable in the increase, which the longer period makes possible, of the non-theatrical acts of commemoration which serve to illustrate the personal note of hero-worship embodied in these times of pilgrimage. "The play's the thing," but not the *only* thing that draws this varied assemblage to Shakspere's shrine.

The Festival Sunday service—that is, the solemn commemoration held in the church where Shakspere's tomb forbiddingly confronts any would-be disturbers of his last peace—has for some years been signalised by a special sermon. But this year the extended Festival is to hold no less than three commemoration sermons. The Bishop of Bristol preached the first on the opening Sunday, the Dean of Lichfield the second, and the Rev. H. C. Beeching is responsible for the third on Sunday next. The central Sunday of the Festival supplies the occasion of the customary procession of the townspeople and their guests from the Town Hall to the church, and back again, for the silent toast, "To the Immortal Memory of William Shakspere."

Wednesday of this week, April 23, the traditional birthday of Shakspere, was celebrated in the usual fashion by the formal decking of the poet's tomb with the wreaths and garlands sent by various societies and individual enthusiasts or presented in person by the visitors. This picturesque custom was inaugurated years ago by the boys of the Stratford Grammar School. On Tuesday the Dean of Lichfield gave a lecture on the Shaksprian commentaries of an elder Lichfield man, the great Dr. Johnson.

Another feature not entirely connected with the footlights is this year to be found in an interesting loan exhibition of works by a local artist, Edward Grubb, who died in 1816 after achieving some note, not only as a painter of both landscapes and portraits, but as a sculptor also. The pictures now collected from various sources have a direct bearing on the Festival by their inclusion of various scenes depicting the Jubilee performances given at Stratford by Garrick; and as a sculptor Grubb was responsible for one of the many presentations of Shakspere in stone: a figure of the poet asleep under a tree, forming part of a stately mantelpiece at Stowe House, the seat of the Dukes of Buckingham.

When the Memorial Buildings were first projected, many a voice was raised to protest that the one thing lacking would prove to be the audience for the performances. The prophecy has proved idle. The whole work has grown apathetic, especially of late years, since the artistic control of the stage arrangements was first entrusted by the Memorial Council to the inspired and inspiring enthusiasm of Mr. F. R. Benson. This year the booking is large for the whole series of performances, and especially, as is always the case, for the novelty of the programme—that is to say, the play not previously given at any Festival. For this the choice has fallen on "Henry VIII.," in which Miss Ellen Terry, fortunately free to make her first appearance at Stratford's Festival, is repeating her beautiful impersonation of the wounded majesty of Katharine of Arragon.

Although it is probably as a comédienne in the grand style that our greatest actress holds the imagination of most of us chiefly in fee, no one who has seen Miss Terry's Queen Katharine will ever forget it. Whatever the share of other dramatists in the writing of "Henry VIII.," Miss Terry's performance of the Queen is, as a piece of acting, so splendidly Shaksprian in quality that the actress could hardly have made her first appearance at this annual Festival more fittingly.

And the rest of the programme in which Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Benson, Mr. George Weir, Mr. Frank Rodney, and their clever comrades, make their welcome reappearance, is admirably planned in its variety and scope. "Hamlet," "King Lear," "Othello," "Romeo and Juliet," "Twelfth Night," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Henry V.," form a very notable Shaksprian bill, even though for the student playgoer they have not the recondite interest of last year's long historical cycle. To the inquisitive onlooker, it is true, the insertion in the programme of alien works by Sheridan and Bulwer Lytton affords scope for speculation, and has already been the subject of some comment. The reason is to be found in the fact that the late Mr. Charles Flower and the other munificent founders of the Memorial Theatre had it in their minds, as part of their great ideal, to establish not only a home for Shaksprian performances, but an institute which should also become a representative headquarters of the drama. The latter part of this ideal has still to be realised, but the Committee are by no means desirous of entirely excluding from this annual Festival work of growth subsequent to the Shaksprian drama. It is probably safe to conjecture that the choice of Lord Lytton's "Richelieu" was suggested by the desire for an interesting contrast between two of the great Cardinals of history, Wolsey and Richelieu.

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LADIES' PAGES.

There must be a great accession to "Imperialism," in the best sense of the word—that is to say, in cultivating a feeling among the members of our scattered Colonies of their unity with the Motherland—resulting from the Coronation. The great event is attracting immense interest in all the Colonies, and our visitors drawn to London from the most distant parts are so numerous that they will take home a large leaven of personal feeling. Australian visitors, by the way, are hardly to be distinguished from Londoners by their speech, while Canadians talk like the natives of the States that are their near neighbours. But with or without marked accent, one is introduced to them at every turn, sees them in all our shops, is asked by them for directions for their movements in the Park—in short, there is a pleasant colonial invasion owing to the Coronation year. But it is to be regretted that so many of them will not see inside the homes of the Motherland. The hotel dining-room and salon where they meet other travellers forms the only alternative to places of public resort for those of our Colonial visitors who have not been able to bring personal introductions to London residents. Surely we might invent some scheme by which personal relations could be fostered between us at "home" and visitors from the Colonies? There is already a systematic attempt to do this between England and the United States. The late Sir Walter Besant, I believe, originated it, and Lord Monkswell presided the other day over the annual meeting of the Society for Entertaining American Visitors. There are invitation "At Homes," held in the houses or grounds of English members, river parties and an occasional dinner are arranged, and visits to celebrated scenes are organised; and the notion is that people who have good credentials as to their social standing at home in the States, but no personal friends in the Old Country, shall be thus helped really to know the nation they are visiting. The hospitality of the inhabitants of the United States to British visitors is of the most gracious and unbounded order, and it is most proper that there should be an effort to reciprocate the attention. But now, when so many of our own colonists are among us, it were to be wished that there was some similar provision for them; it would be even more appropriate. Some of our "great ladies" might take up the idea.

Christian catacombs have just been discovered to exist beneath the ruins of Palmyra, that city of which the beautiful and learned Zenobia was Queen in the second century. This discovery is very interesting, as it shows that the faith of Christendom was early carried to the Far East. The remarkable woman sovereign, who made her little city in the desert so rich and splendid as to attract the envy of the Roman Emperors, is known to have engaged artists and artificers from afar for the decoration of Palmyra, and the paintings on the walls of the catacombs are so fine that it is inferred that many



TWEED DRESS FOR SPRING WEAR.

of the Greek artists drawn to Palmyra by the Queen and her Court must there have been converted to Christianity, and devoted their talents to perpetuating the features of the faithful departed. No evidence has appeared, however, to indicate that the brilliant sovereign whom Aurelian led in his triumph a captive through the streets of Rome was herself a Christian convert.

Why the name of the fair Louise de la Vallière should be given to the newest fashion in trinkets, I am not prepared to say. A "La Vallière" is certainly the Parisian name for the very fashionable little adornment of the hour, a single stone hanging close up to the throat or collar on an extremely fine, almost invisible chain. The latter is preferably of platinum, as that makes the strongest chain possible, and so can be as fine as a hair. On it, or at each end of it, dangles the bauble; a fine diamond or a specimen ruby or opal, for choice, set invisibly, and appearing, when looked at from a little distance, to sustain itself by some magnetic attraction. Or perhaps there are two rough baroque pearls—those quaint chunks that cannot be made into any more formal design, but have all the characteristics of the pearl in "skin" and depth—one of these set on either end of a platinum chain, which is caught together by a third boss of pearls that slides up to the throat, makes quite the latest feminine fancy. A "La Vallière" is worn at all times of the day, and may be seen carelessly falling over the white collar of a business-like tailor-made gown as well as sitting serenely against beauty's bare throat in the evening. The stone is the more conspicuous by reason of the fineness of the setting and of the chain, so that it needs to be a handsome or, at least, an uncommon one.

Those prophets who promised us a return to vivid and brilliant colour for all the dress of the Coronation year, as a reaction after so much mourning, were sadly out in their calculations. Lady Lansdowne's reception revealed the case to be that society yet clings to white and black, individually or combined. Five out of six of the best dresses were in one or the other tint. White was specially affected, not only by young girls, but by stately matrons. Among them was the hostess herself, who dressed in rich white satin trimmed with tulle scarves, bordered with embroidery in black and silver. Lady Sarah Wilson's white satin dress was veiled in gauze, heavily embroidered with silver sequins. Lady Tweedmouth's white satin dress was rendered distinctive by an Elizabethan ruff collar of lovely jewelled lace. White draped with black was also very frequently worn. Lady Hunter's exquisite gown of black Chantilly lace, embroidered with huge chenille roses, picked out with diamonds, was placed over a cloth-of-silver skirt, which latter material made a flat panel down the front, and was also used as foot-frills and train. Colour, when adopted, was chiefly blue, heliotrope, or rose-pink. A lovely gown of pastel-blue satin was lightly draped with one layer of white gauze, on which were hand-painted clusters of roses and

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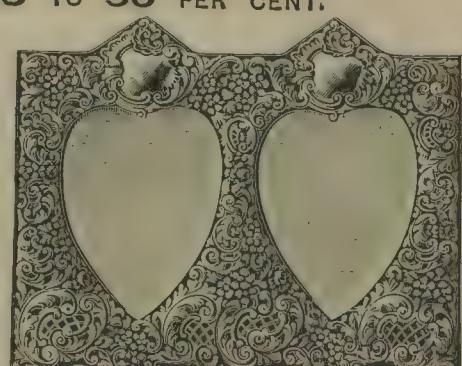


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forg-e-me-nots, the clusters connected with a delicate tracery of silver embroidery; real Parma violets in small bunches tied together with blue gauze made a trail down the left side of the skirt, and also trimmed the bodice; and turquoise and diamond ornaments finished off a most effective costume. A heliotrope soft peau-de-soie was trimmed with many tiny flounces of net, each edged with satin ribbon; and the bodice had a front or vest embroidered in pearls. For the dresses that were chiefly of black, a satin or glacé under-robe veiled with one layer of filmy black tulle, net, or lace, the diaphanous fabric embroidered with jet, or gold or silver sequins, was adopted in many cases.

Crêpe-de-Chine is one of the most fashionable materials for spring dresses for smart occasions. Any quantity of lace may be overlaid or inserted, or motifs of the same dainty adornment placed at intervals are fashionable. Voile, transparent enough to show the glimmer of a silken lining, is another great favourite. There is a certain dark blue voile, of a metallic tint, which is worn over green glacé with excellent effect. A delicate pale yellow voile was laid over a brighter yellow glacé; the bodice was pouched in front, opening narrowly over a centre vest of pleated cream chiffon. The rest of the bodice was laid in tucks, divided by lines of silk braid in the palest corn-colour; and the skirt was decorated with tucks and lines of braid that continued on, to all appearance, from those on the corsage. The fact that there was a junction was concealed by a deep belt of glacé stitched many times, and a postilion basque was also constructed of the glacé, stitched, tucked, and striped with braid. A yoke collar of guipure lace harmonised with a strip of similar lace as a heading to the shaped flounce that footed the skirt. Foulard is again worn a great deal, the satin-faced variety monopolising favour. Embroidered lawn is a good trimming for foulard, but here as elsewhere lace comes first. The newest collars are of lace laid on chené silk, the blurred patterns of the fabric showing between the interstices of the lace; and this makes a good finish to a foulard frock, taking care that the colours are harmonious. More airy fabrics are used under various fanciful names. One is bedight satin crêpe-de-Chine, another crêpe-mousseline. Many of the finest silks and satins, too, are used simply as under-dresses for veiling with net, silk muslin, or lace. True it is that this veiling is so diaphanous—usually only one thickness of a very delicate covering—that the lovely material beneath is no more hidden thereby than is the cheek of beauty by her light film of tulle when she walks in the Park. In each case it is not concealment, but enhancement, that is obtained. Lace is less used now for the complete covering of the silk or satin gowns than net of the very finest kind. The best net employed is that called "filet dentelle"—that is to say, the net groundwork on which lace motifs might be appliquéd. On this, for a fine toilette, there is placed embroidery work in silk, or chiffon and ribbon appliquéd,



DESIGN FOR FANCY MATERIAL.

or pearls and sequins are lightly scattered about. Whatever we may say on the score of hygiene, to which our unweighty fabrics and loose styles may claim to conform, I fear that we shall have to plead guilty to an excess of extravagance in cost in the dress of King Edward's day.

Neat little gowns for practical use are shown in our Illustrations. That one of tweed, with shaped revers covered with corded silk, on which black embroidery is laid, is finished with pipings of white cloth round the coat and edging the slashings on the skirt. The hat is in black straw with a white edge to the brim and trimming of ostrich-plumes. The other design is for a lighter-weight material—canvas, voile, or a fancy mixture of wool and silk. It is banded with strips of plain face-cloth, and trimmed further with motifs of the same on collar and cuffs. The straw hat in a fashionable flat shape is trimmed with white lace and cherries.

Jewellery is being so much worn that it is a fortunate circumstance for the woman of smart ambitions that the wonderful manufacturers of the Parisian Diamond Company are in existence. Their ornaments are lovely, as may be seen at 143, Regent Street, 85, New Bond Street, or either 37 or 43, Burlington Arcade. All that they offer is high-class, and no merely showy and cheap-looking or vulgar work is permitted within their cases. All the Parisian Diamond Company's artificial stones are not only lovely in themselves, but they are set by skilled diamond-mounters in designs as artistic and perfect as those of the very finest real jewellery. From the splendid corsage ornament that would become a Duchess's state costume to the dainty little Louis brooches or La Vallière pendants in diamonds, turquoises, pearls, and other stones that any of us may wear, every possible decoration can be obtained here in the finest of workmanship. Pearls are this company's great speciality, having the hardness and "skin" of the natural production, but a very different price.

A delightful adjunct to the toilet has been produced by the well-known Crown Perfumery Company. It is a powder to be added to the bath water or the toilet-jug, and serves at one time to soften the water so as to make it more pleasant to use and more beneficial to the skin, and to impart to it a delicious perfume that will linger around the person in a refined and delightful fashion. Several varieties of scent can be had—lavender, rose, and others—but violet is an odour so universally liked that it will probably be the one generally preferred. The name of this dainty new preparation is "Crown Bathodora," and it is to be had in large boxes for half-a-crown.

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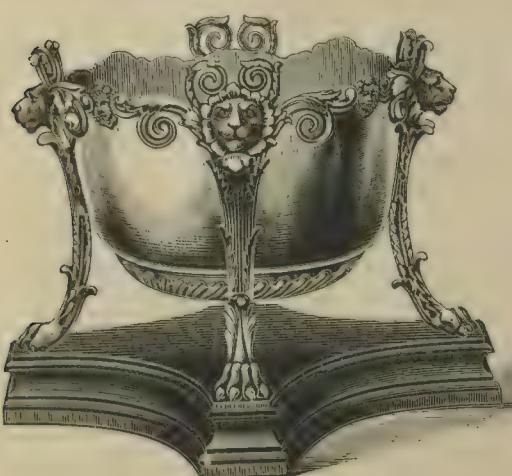
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The late Don Francis of Assisi, Marie Ferdinand of Bourbon, King of Spain by his marriage with Queen Isabella, died at his residence at Epinay-sur-Seine on April 17. He was the son of the Infante Francis de Paule, Duke of Cadiz, and Princess Louise of the Two Sicilies, and was born on May 13, 1822. After the revolution of September 1868 and the abdication of Isabella, the dethroned monarchs lived in Paris. In 1870 the ex-King purchased a residence at Epinay, while the ex-Queen acquired a palace in the Avenue Kléber. Our portrait is by Neyroud, Paris.

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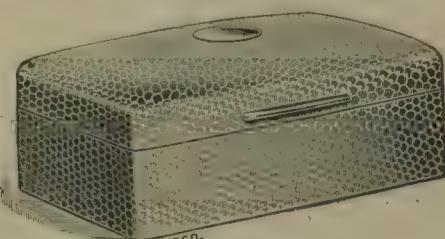
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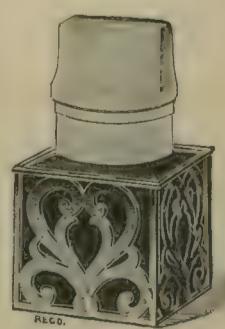
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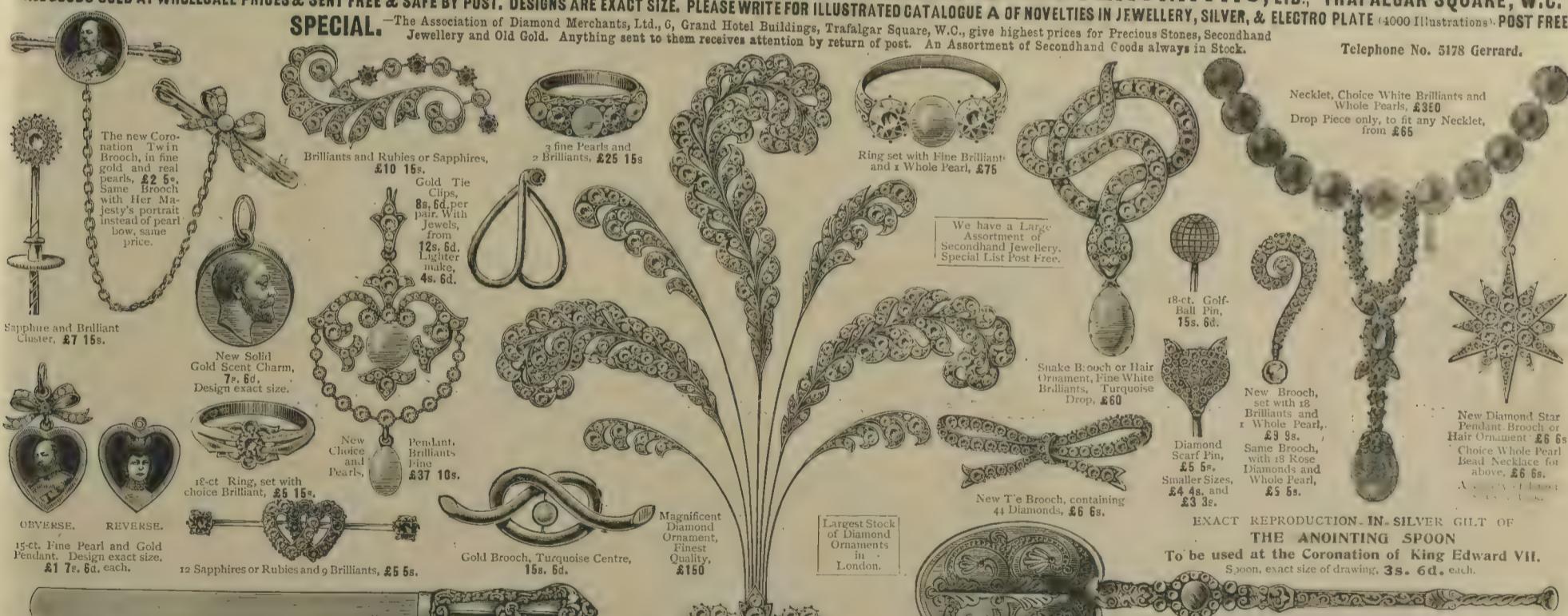
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MUSIC.

The third and last concert of M. Michel de Sicard, the Russian violinist, was given on Monday afternoon, April 14, at the St. James's Hall; and M. de Sicard was assisted again by Mr. Percival Garratt, who played very charmingly a "Romance" of Schumann, the "Momento Lirico" of Tschaikowsky, an "Aveu" of Louis Réé, and a scherzo, "En Route," of B. Godard. Mr. Garratt has faults of youth, and is, moreover, very nervous; but he plays clearly and intelligently. M. de Sicard is essentially of the romantic school, and played emotionally, with considerable artistic feeling and excellence of phrasing and technique, some delightful selections of Wieniawski, especially the "Légende" and "Obertasse," and the lyrical and ever delightful Concerto in E minor of Mendelssohn. He also played an unaccompanied paraphrase of "Lucia," arranged by Saint-Lubin, which was very difficult and very ineffective. Mr. Henry Bird accompanied excellently.

The Royal Amateur Orchestral Society acquitted itself admirably at the Queen's Hall on the evening of Wednesday, April 16. Under the conductorship of Mr. Ernest Ford, the orchestra showed no signs of the usual amateur defects. There was an inspired beat, a vitality and alert attention to the baton, that made the concert a pleasure for the audience instead of the usual tepid enjoyment that is the outcome of amateur work. This orchestra may fairly claim the severer tests and criticism of the professional standard. The first item was an overture to an opera,

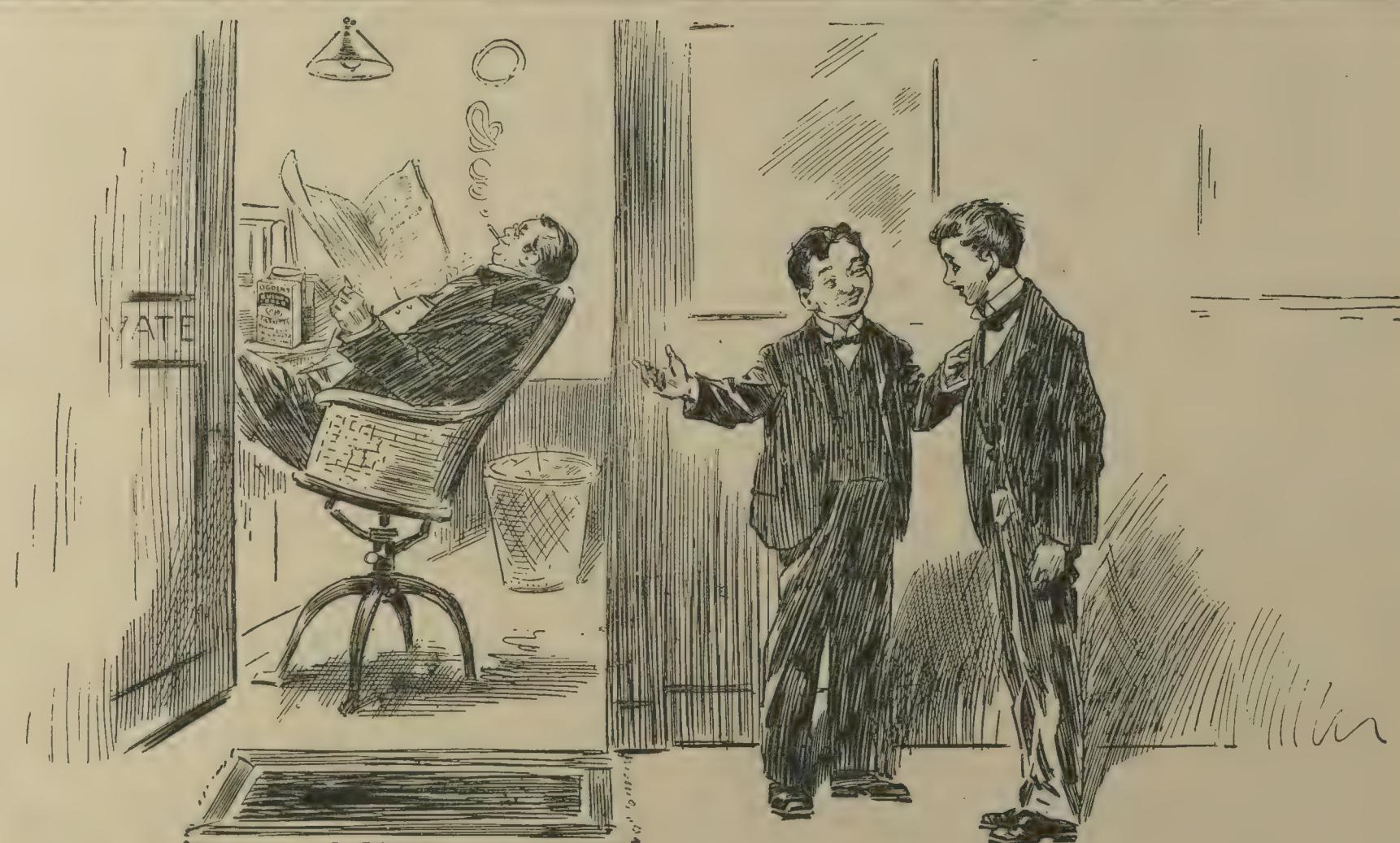
"Son and Stranger," of Mendelssohn that was never publicly performed during his life. It is interesting as a domestic work, for it was specially composed in honour of his parents' silver wedding, and the brief andante to the overture was the bow, so said Mendelssohn, with which he stepped before his parents and gave his greeting to them. It breaks immediately into a glad allegro. An insignificant suite, "Feuilles d'Album," of B. Hollander, heard for the first time, was then given by the orchestra, consisting of "Religioso," "Nuits de Juin," and "Premier Mai"; and a brilliant concerto for the pianoforte and orchestra by Rubinstein ended the first half of the programme. Miss Gertrude Peppercorn played, with powerful technique, the pianoforte solo part. The second part began with two numbers from the ballet suite of Widor, "La Korrigane," and included the pizzicato "Sérénade des Mandolines" of Desormes and the excellent imitative minuet, after Mozart, of Bendel. Mr. Denis O'Sullivan won great applause for his dramatic rendering of some Irish ballads, notably the "Widow Machree," arranged by Mary Carmichael, and "The Donovans," arranged by Alice Needham.

Miss Janet Duff gave a charming vocal recital, assisted by Miss Annie Stokes, at the Bechstein Hall on Thursday afternoon, April 17. Miss Janet Duff has a beautiful contralto voice that is gaining early in sweetness and power; she has an exquisite stateliness of voice-production and an artistic control of her rounded notes that should bring her very rapidly to the front rank of ballad-

singers; her method and style are excellent. Mr. F. Korbay accompanied her in three songs of his arranging, ending with his popular "Brown Boy." She gave a wide range, comprising Scarlatti and Gluck, Brahms and Maude Valerie White. Miss Duff possesses an astonishing power of sustaining her notes evenly and richly to a marked length of time. Miss Annie Stokes gave evidence of conscientious work in her violin solos. M. I. H.

The Imperial Coronation Bazaar in aid of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, will be held in the Royal Botanical Gardens, Regent's Park, instead of in the hospital gardens, during the first week in July. Owing to the gigantic proportions to which this bazaar, which will celebrate the hospital jubilee, has grown, it was felt to be impossible to provide sufficient accommodation in the hospital gardens. Her Majesty the Queen has graciously consented to be present at the opening. Among the stall-holders will be the Duchesses of Marlborough, Sutherland, Somerset, and Wellington.

That method counts for a great deal, even in the madness of smoking, is well illustrated by the fact that a certain brand (Messrs. J. and F. Bell's "King's Head") can be more fully enjoyed if the smoker refrains from rubbing or teasing out the leaf, and pushes it well down into the bowl of the pipe. Of this full and fragrant tobacco a lighter and more ethereal variety is found in the "Three Nuns," manufactured by the same Glasgow firm.



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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 18, 1899) of Mr. Frank Behrens, of Worleston Grange, Worleston, near Nantwich, and 19, Park Street, W., who died on March 4, was proved on April 12 by Edward Behrens, the brother, and sole executor, the value of the estate being £526,947. The testator gives £10,000 to Edward Banbury; £40,000 to Frances Mary Banbury, and the residue of his property to his said brother.

The will (dated July 9, 1894) of Mr. Henry Wren, of Hill House, Victoria Park, Manchester, and the London Road Ironworks, Chorlton-upon-Medlock, who died on Feb. 5, has been proved by Christopher Wren and Charles Alfred Wren, the sons, and Mrs. Elizabeth Ellen Parry, the daughter, the executors, the value of the estate being £315,276. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate as to one fifth each, upon trust, for his children, Christopher, Charles Alfred, Frederick, and Elizabeth Ellen, and one fifth, upon trust, for the children of his deceased son Henry Charles.

The will (dated Nov. 24, 1898), with a codicil (dated Jan. 19, 1899), of Mr. Frederick Sigismund Schwann, of 6 and 10, Moorgate Street, and Park House, Wimbledon, who died on Feb. 27, was proved on April 8 by Mrs. Mary Watson Schwann, the widow, Henry Sigismund Schwann, the son, and Charles Ernest Schwann, the brother, the executors, the value of the estate being £151,685. The testator gives to his wife £2000, his household and domestic effects, the use of Park House, and a conditional sum of £48,000; to his son Henry Sigismund £4000; to his sons Edward Bagehot and Ernest £8000 each; to his daughters Mary Isabel, Katherine Mabel, Marion Wellby, and Winifred £2000 each; to the London

Domestic Mission £200; to University College Hospital £100; to Edmund K. Blyth £100; and to the three daughters of Caroline Weiss £100 each. He appoints £15,000, part of the fund of his marriage settlement, to his younger children Edward Bagehot, Ernest, Mary Isabel, Katherine Mabel, Marion Wellby, and Winifred; all other his property, in equal shares, to his children.

The will and codicil (both dated March 29, 1898) of Sir Edward Bradford Medlycott, fourth Baronet, of Ven, Milborne Port, Somerset, who died on Feb. 17, was proved on April 9 by Charles Edward Jemmett and William Stewart Forster, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £120,459. The testator devises the real and leasehold estate he succeeded to on the death of his brother, the third Baronet, upon trust, for his brother, Admiral Mervyn Bradford Medlycott, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons in seniority in tail male, with remainder over to his brother, the Rev. Hubert James Medlycott, but charged with the payment of £500 per annum to his widow, Dame Maria Emma Medlycott, and of £10,000 as a portion for his daughter Lilian.

The will (dated Nov. 9, 1899), with a codicil (dated Oct. 26, 1901), of Mr. Thomas Walton Mellor, of The Reynors, Ashton-under-Lyne, M.P. for Ashton 1868-80, who died on Feb. 17, has been proved by John Edward Mellor, the son, and Charles Henry Booth, the executors, the value of the estate being £107,042. The testator bequeaths £12,000, or £400 per annum, upon trust, for his daughter Sarah Jane Mellor, for life, and then for her children: £3000, or £100 per annum, upon like trust, for each of his daughters Alice Andrew and Mary Alice Hughes; £1500, upon trust, for the Church Institute and Conservative Club (Stamford Street, Ashton); £200 each

to his executors; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his son.

The will (dated July 30, 1898), of Sir George David Harris, J.P., L.C.C., of 32, Inverness Terrace, who died on Feb. 28, was proved on April 7 by Dame Eliza Margaret Harris, the widow, and Henry Percy Harris, the son, the value of the estate amounting to £47,225. The testator bequeaths £10,000, upon trust, for his daughter, Evelyn Florence Adderley Harris; certain life interests, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Edith Gertrude Farmer; the use for life of his house and furniture to his wife; an annuity of £100 to his brother James Edward Harris; and £100 each to his executors. The residue of his property he leaves to his son.

The will (dated Oct. 15, 1901) of Mr. Thomas Sidney Cooper, R.A., C.V.O., of Vernon Holme, near Canterbury, and 42, Chepstow Villas, Bayswater, who died on Feb. 7, was proved on April 15 by Neville Louis Cooper, the son, Thomas Wacher, and Frederic Johnson, the executors, the value of the estate being £40,658. The testator gives his interest in the Guildford estate, Canterbury, the residence called The Hermitage, Harbledown, and £100 to his wife, Mrs. Mary Cooper; No. 42, Chepstow Villas, and certain lands and premises at Harbledown and St. George's, to his daughter, Mrs. Lucy Elizabeth Coxon; Vernon Holme, with the furniture, etc., therein, the Mayton Farm, the estate called Little Hall Wood, and his insignia of the Victoria Order, to his son; the picture he was engaged on at the time of his death, with the palette, brushes, and knife, to the Corporation of Canterbury; a picture to each of his executors; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves in equal shares to his wife, son, and daughter.

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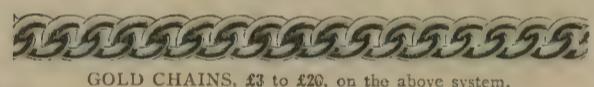
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ART NOTES.

At the Whitechapel Art Gallery the works of the Cornish painters attract a daily crowd. The very directness of the paintings, both as to the thing seen and the thing presented, has its appeal for the Londoner unversed in the subtleties of studios. Then there is the story, which will always tell with the great public that cares nothing for the "art for art's sake" formula. Mr. Stanhope Forbes, A.R.A., the leader of the Cornish school, always tells his story well. The next best thing to getting to the sea is an introduction to his seamen. The Cornish school is not, however, primarily a literal school. Its painters know the science of values and lights. Theirs is the grey sky without and the lamp-light within; the fisherman's cottage—that marriage of the natural and artificial illumination, with the resulting

progeny of parti-coloured reflections and shadows. Mr. Bramley's "Hopeless Dawn" is typical of a large class of really felt and finely painted scenes. There is nothing mawkish in the pathos that attaches to the sea, to its toilers, to its dead. The homely and the idyllic have met on a considerable number of the canvases now hung in Whitechapel. The hanging, by the way, has been carefully done—the works of each artist being grouped together in a fashion which is fair alike to the artist and to the spectator.

There is good news for the admirers of M. Rodin. It is now almost certain that an exhibition of his works will be held in London during the coming season, and that he will come over to superintend it. A welcoming banquet is already mooted; and the cost and labour of the carriage of heavy sculpture to London weighs lightly in the opinion

of, at any rate, a body of enthusiasts. Most of the dealers, however, say these things and sigh. The result will be curious, for it is always interesting to watch the growth of a man of genius in the favour of the shilling public.

The death of Mr. Ernest Gambart deserves a note. He was a dealer who put his heart as well as his head into his work. He made known, or better known, to England various painters of France; and to some foremost English artists, Sir L. Alma-Tadema of the number, his purchases made, at one point of their careers, all the difference. Mr. Gambart was cosmopolitan enough to accept Mr. Whistler without the smile which grew broad twenty years ago at the mention of his name in London; and at the same time he was a buyer, for his own collection, of Rosa Bonheur.

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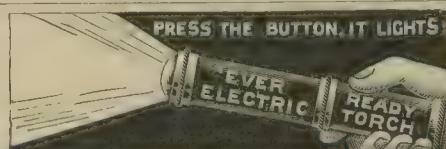
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To the sportsman this photographic reproduction must be extremely interesting, and it is one from a new catalogue issued by C. P. GOERZ, dealing with his Anschutz Folding Camera (the instrument with which this fine snapshot was obtained). This catalogue, which is one of the finest ever produced in the photographic trade, is crowded from end to end with pictures equally novel: views both of London, on the Continent, of the Queen's funeral, horsemanship and golfing pictures. There are but really few high-class cameras



on the market, and competent judges would, without question, rank the Goerz Anschutz Folding Camera very highly, if not actually placing it in the premier position, for the instrument has every desirable quality in its favour. Its lightness, compactness, the fact that it can be used with either plates, cut films, or daylight loading cartridges, must commend it to everyone using a camera for pleasure, while the excellence of its results convinces the most serious of workers that these features have not been obtained by any sacrifice of efficiency. The catalogue, although of course intended to illustrate the capabilities of this well-known camera, is nevertheless of extreme interest to every reader of *The Illustrated London News*, since it shows in a most striking manner the possibilities of modern photography. It is well worthy of more than a passing perusal. It may be obtained (if *The Illustrated London News* is mentioned and 4d. postage sent) of C. P. GOERZ'S West End Agents, The London Stereoscopic Co., 106-108, Regent Street, W., or from C. P. GOERZ, 4 and 5, Holborn Circus, London, E.C.

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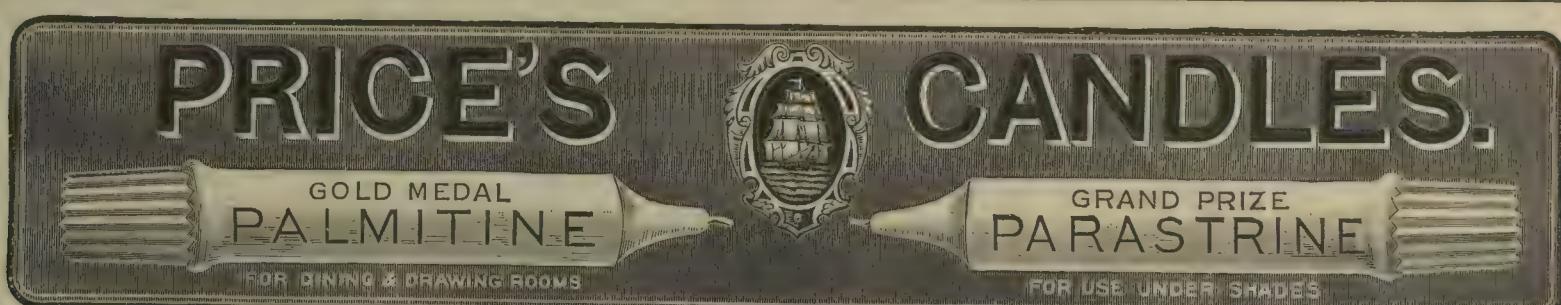


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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

In a recent sermon at St. Paul's, Canon Page Roberts referred to the enormous increase in playgoing. "Puritans and stiff Nonconformists," he said, "find a pleasure in the theatre which their forefathers denounced." So far from this growing interest being regrettable, Canon Page Roberts thought it might be regarded with satisfaction. In the stress of modern life we needed the exhilaration of amusement and easy mental stimulation, and these the stage was especially qualified to supply. The preacher was rather in favour of comedy than tragedy, did not want to introduce a sermon surreptitiously into a play, and declared frankly on behalf of bright, sparkling, healthy entertainment.

The Bishop of London made a stirring speech at the annual meeting of the C.E.T.S., held at Exeter Hall last week. He praised the work done by the police-court missionaries, but said that in some parts of London there is no effort whatever being made to save drunkards. He would never be satisfied till there was an active, living branch of the society in every parish. It was not enough to tell people not to go to public-houses; some other place must be provided for them to go to.

The Bishop of Kensington preached on the second Sunday after Easter in Gray's Inn Chapel on behalf of

the Bishop of London's Fund. He pointed out that in the portion of the diocese for which he was responsible a population of four thousand is added annually to overstrained parishes, and that ten new churches and forty living-agents are needed each year to keep pace with the steady spread westward from central London.

The annual report of the Boston Y.M.C.A. organisation is a bulky pamphlet of more than one hundred pages. It gives much curious information as to the conditions of life among the young men of the city, and particularly concerning their religious attitude. In families where the father and mother belong to the same church, 78 per cent. of the young men are church members; where parents are church members, but not of the same church, 55 per cent. It is interesting to notice that when both parents are Catholics, only 8 per cent. of their sons are not church members. Where both parents are Protestants, the figures are 32 per cent., and where one is a Catholic and one a Protestant, 66 per cent. of the younger generation do not belong to any church.

Bishop Hine of Zanzibar is in England after an absence of six years. He has spent the last twelve months in visiting all the stations of the Universities' Mission, both in Nyassaland and in the diocese of

Zanzibar. His health has suffered somewhat from the long journeys on foot, and it will be necessary for him to rest during the earlier part of his holiday.

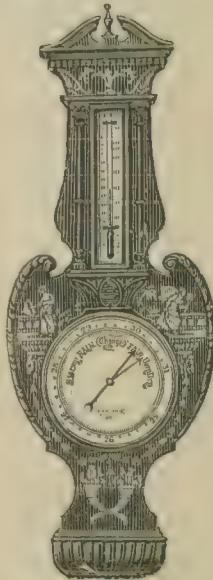
The Rev. W. Carlile, founder of the Church Army, has been visiting Manchester, and addressed an important conference of clergy and laity in the Salford Town Hall. Canon Hicks presided, and many well-known clergymen were present. Mr. Carlile mentioned that all the evangelists and missionaries of the Church Army were total abstainers. There are now 102 labour homes and agencies connected with the army. These homes have dealt with 30,000 individual cases. Mr. Carlile appealed to the public not to give money to street beggars, but to give them instead tickets for the Church Army Home.

The executive of the Liverpool Cathedral Committee held a meeting last week at the Church House. It was decided that two eminent architects should be invited to act as advisers. They will select the names of the architects who are to submit designs for the Cathedral, and will have a voice in the ultimate choice of the design. One of the two architects will represent the Gothic and the other the Classic school of architecture. A series of public meetings will be held in the rural deaneries of the diocese in the autumn, when subscriptions will be invited.

V.

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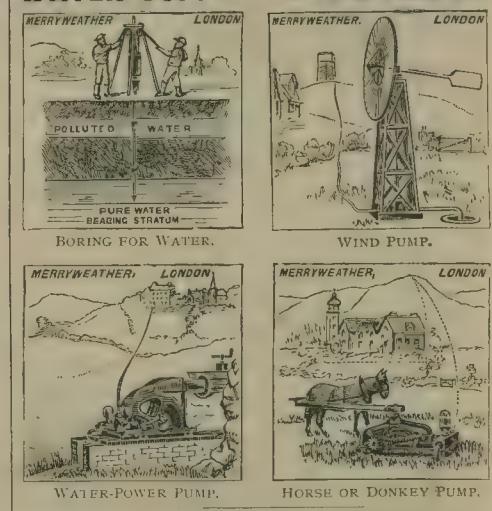
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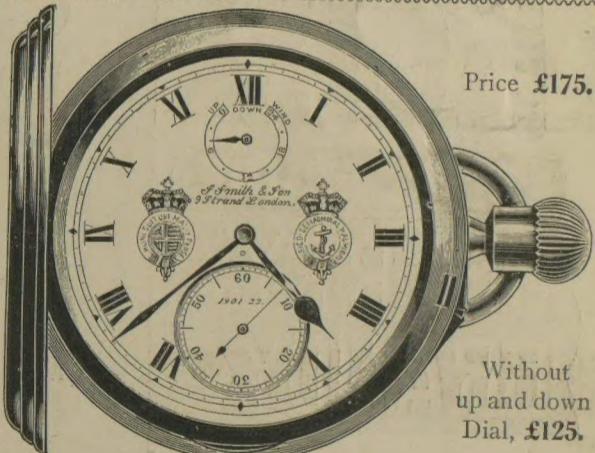
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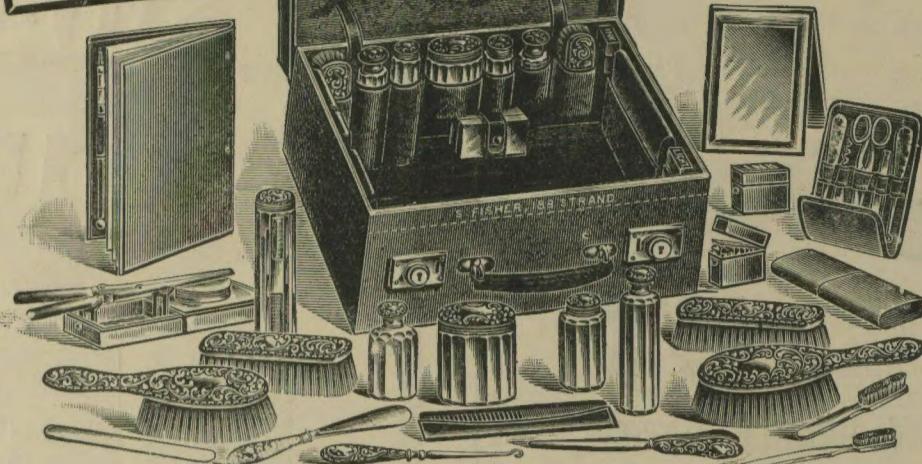
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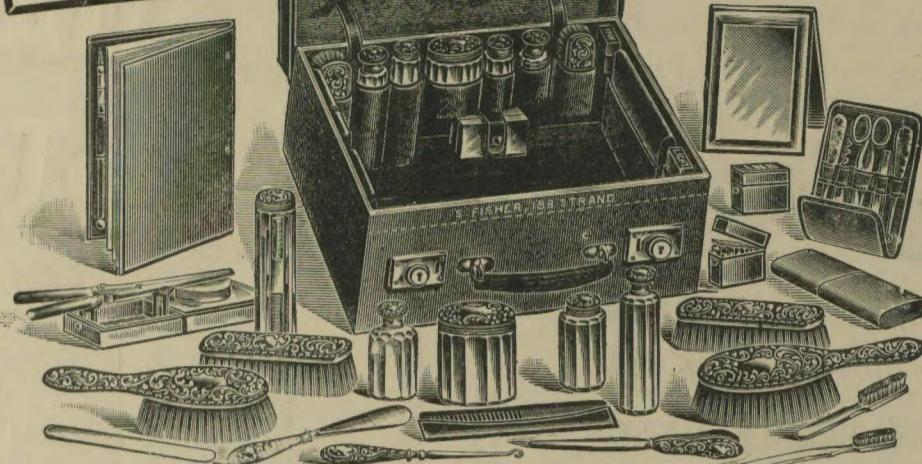
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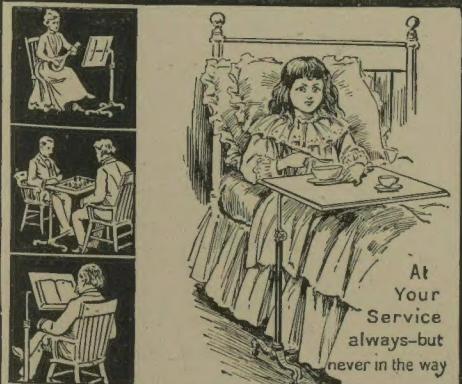
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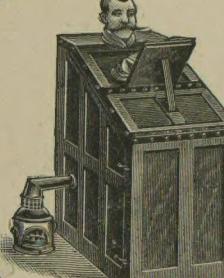
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11 11 by 8 11 ..	2 13 4	13 5 by 13 5 ..	4 10 0	16 4 by 11 2 ..	4 11 8
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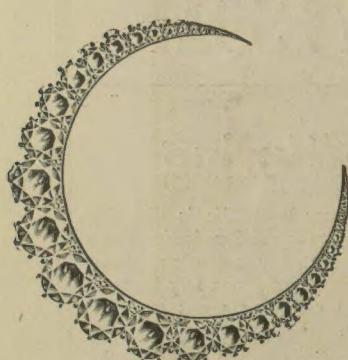
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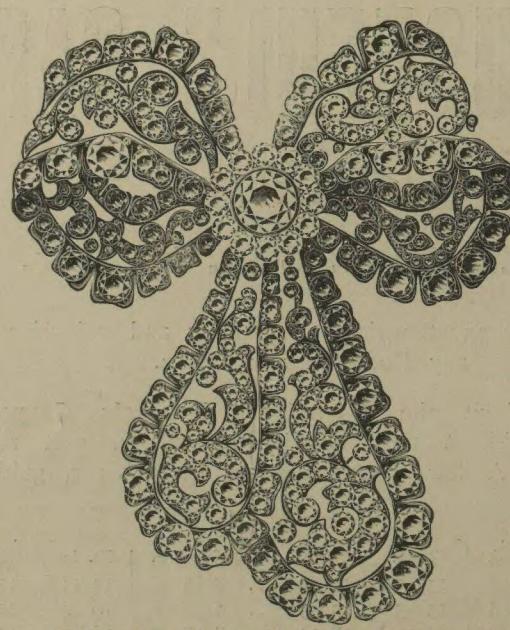
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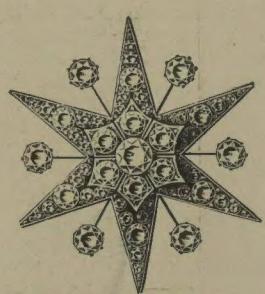
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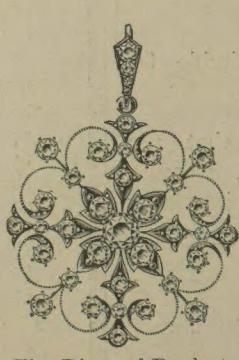
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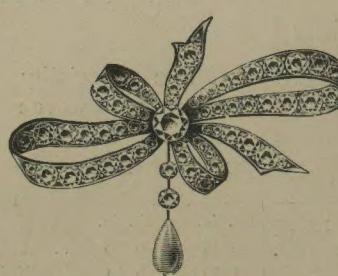
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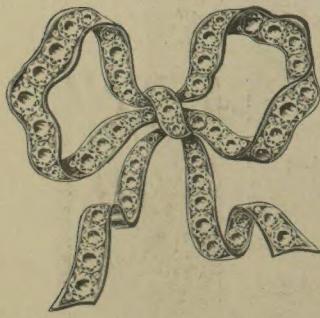
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